

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1424.—September 16, 1871.

CONTENTS.

1. THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	707
2. CONSULE JULIO: AN EPISODE UNDER THE COMMUNE DE PARIS, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	718
3. THE DESCRIPTIVE POETRY OF CHAUCER, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	738
4. THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN. Extract from a Letter, . . .	<i>Golden Hour</i> , . . .	747
5. THE GERMAN PEACE FESTIVAL, . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . .	757
6. A FRENCH CONVICT COLONY, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . .	764
7. THE MEETING OF GASTEIN, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . .	766

POETRY.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS, . . .	706	SAINT SWITHIN, . . .	706
DAWN, . . .	706		

SHORT ARTICLES.

THE MOUSE'S EAR AS AN ORGAN OF SENSATION, . . .	717	A DEGENERATE SON, . . .	737
		THE "BATTLE OF DORKING," . . .	768

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.	
" " Second " " 20 " 50 "	
" " Third " " 32 " 80 "	
The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "	

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame,
Thou art not what thou wast before
What reason should I be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had'st still continued mine
Nay, if thou had'st remain'd thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall,
And, then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still;
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say,
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—
Thy choice of his good fortune boast,
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my dislark shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

Sir Robert Aytoun.

DAWN.

'Tis scarcely four by the village clock,
The dew is heavy — the air is cool —
A mist goes up from the glassy pool —
Through the dim field ranges a phantom flock,
No sound is heard but the magpie's mock.

Very low is the sun in the sky,
It needeth no eagle now to regard him.
Is there not one lark left to reward him
With the shivering joy of his long sweet cry,
For his face shines sadly, I know not why.

Through the ivied ruins of yonder elm
Their glides and gazes a sadder face,
Spectre queen of a vanished race,

'Tis the full moon shrunk to a fleeting film,
And she lingers for love of her ancient realm.

These are but idle fancies, I know,
Framed to solace a secret grief.
Look again — scorning such false relief —
Dwarf not nature to match thy woe.
Look again — whence do these fancies flow?

What is the moon but a lamp of fire
That God shall relume in his season. The sun
Like a giant rejoices his race to run
With flaming feet that never tire
On the azure path of the starry choir.

The lark has sunk ere I left my bed,
And hark! far aloft from these ladders of light
Many songs, not one only, the morn delight;
Then, Sad Heart, dream not that Nature is
dead,
But seek from her strength and comfort in-
stead.

Dark Blue.

SAINT SWITHIN.

THE green ears droop, brown are the leaves,
The dust is thick upon the eaves,
The babbling brook has long been dry.
Parched is the earth; the glowing sky
Shows not one cloud athwart the blue,
The unbent rays pierce through and through
The thickest covert. All in vain
The dying flowers sigh for rain,
For rain, sweet, freshening, balmy rain.

No more from larch the throstle sings,
Even the skylark folds his wings;
Mute are the reed-birds in the fen,
Mute in the willow bole the wren,
The jay in hedgerow makes no stir,
The magpie shelters in the fir,
The kingfisher and heron in vain
Seek river-bank, and pine for rain,
For rain, sweet, blessed, balmy rain.

It comes, it comes! Life-giving shower!
Chirps every bird, expands each flower;
It comes, the long-wished boon divine,
Dew pearls upon the gables shine;
It sparkles on the glistening leaves,
It wipes the dust-blight from the eaves,
All earth revives, and sings again,
Glad pæan for the gift of rain,
Rain, rain, sweet, freshening, balmy rain.

All The Year Round.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE.

THE events of the last twelve months placed France in a position of financial difficulty of so varied and complicated a nature, that the impression produced amongst a large number of the lookers-on was that she might possibly be unable to rally from so tremendous a blow. Not only was her prestige destroyed as the first military Power, but it appeared to many people, even to those who regarded her with real sympathy, that her material ruin was complete, and that she might collapse under it. The disaster looked so vast, the burden so crushing, that the most hopeful were constrained to admit that long years must pass before she could fill up the hole which had been dug by her defeat. And yet these forebodings, which may have seemed quite reasonable and natural to persons who have not studied the resources of France, have faded out of sight during the last few weeks. The astonishing success of the loan, and the energetic revival of work and trade, have suddenly led Europe to suspect either that France is less hurt than was imagined, or that her recuperative powers are infinitely greater than any one had supposed. The notion that she is ruined beyond redemption has vanished utterly; even the impression that she will need much time to heal her wounds is disappearing; the feeling generally prevalent now is, that her complete recovery is certain, and will probably be very rapid.

Hostile critics and desponding friends may have really believed that a great country—great in agriculture, in manufactures, and in trade—a country of thirty-eight millions of people—could be entirely ruined by seven months of unsuccessful war; but though the circumstances were grave, and provoked legitimate anxiety as to the means which France could employ to repair her losses, they never justified the fears of almost total destruction which were so current during the early part of the year. The revulsion of opinion is now so thorough that many people will probably be unable to recognize that they ever entertained a doubt on the subject; but a reference to the

newspapers of January and February will show how deep and general doubt then was, and will give the exact measure of the change which has taken place in the interval. The confidence which has now sprung up, the expectation that France will not only be able to pay with relative ease its debt to Prussia, but that it will speedily recoup all the money losses consequent upon the war and the Communist insurrection, are, however, sentiments rather than convictions; they are feelings provoked by reaction and surprise rather than deductions resulting from an examination of the facts. They are much nearer the truth than were the previous ideas of coming ruin; but, amongst the great majority of the public they are not founded on any solid knowledge of the details of the case, and if political difficulties again occurred in France, these impressions would perhaps yield their place to renewed fears, as exaggerated and as groundless as those which have just disappeared. A continued series of revolutions would necessarily delay material recovery, and would produce a degree of exhaustion which would render that recovery far more laborious than it is likely to be as things stand now; but, ultimately, the reconstitutive power which the country possesses in so extraordinary a degree would infallibly produce its result, the difference being that the process would in that case be slow and difficult, instead of being rapid and relatively easy. The subject is of deep interest to England: our relations with France are so intimate and varied—the consequences to us of any ruin across the Channel would be so serious in a money sense, and so keenly felt politically and socially—that it is worth our while to closely examine the financial situation of France, and to try to form a definite opinion for ourselves as to the future prospects which that situation seems to render probable. Finance is a dry study, but, in the question before us, it is the only basis on which discussion can rest; and as it will lead us to encouraging results, we shall find some recompense in them for a little attention to figures and calculations.

Before we look at the present or the future, it is, however, essential to glance

backwards for an instant, in order to see where France was before the war broke out. Her position at that moment must necessarily be taken as our starting-point. The budget of 1870, which gives the latest information on the subject, was, like its predecessors during the later years of the Empire, divided into three parts. The ordinary budget showed an expenditure of £66,039,000; the extraordinary budget amounted to £4,976,000; while what is generally called the departmental budget added a further sum of £11,212,000. The whole outlay of the country for 1870 appeared therefore to reach £82,224,000; but this figure is illusory: the real sum was considerably less. The cost of working the post-office, the telegraph, the State forests, and the tobacco and gunpowder monopolies, is included in the total for £6,556,000, while the gross products of these five items are counted as receipts on the other side of the account. The so-

called departmental budget contains an entry of £4,187,000 for "repayments and non-realizations on direct taxes." The result is that, under these six heads, the budget is fictitiously swollen to the extent of £10,743,000. This way of calculating may be entirely correct according to the laws of book-keeping, which may require that the amounts in question should be passed through both receipts and payments; but in fact those sums form no part of the income or the expenditure of the country, which, for 1870, were estimated to reach £71,481,000, and no more. In order to be able to appreciate the present position, and to judge the probable value and effect of the new ways and means proposed for the future, it is indispensable to indicate the composition of the revenue which produced this total. It was as follows, grouping together the elements of the three sections of the budget:—

DIRECT TAXES,

Land tax,	£6,900,000	
Personal and furniture tax,	2,143,000	
Doors and windows,	1,574,000	
Patents (that is to say, the right to trade),	2,671,000	
Fines,	23,000	
	<u>£13,311,000</u>	
Additional direct taxes, specially affected to the departmental budget, and included therein as a receipt,	9,360,000	
	<u>£22,671,000</u>	
Less repayments and non-realization,	4,187,000	
	<u>£18,484,000</u>	
Land-transfer, registration, and mortgage fees,		14,511,000
Stamp duty,		3,347,000
State domains,		200,000
Sale of various objects from the Ministries,		305,000
Product of various State establishments,		50,000
Product of State forests,	£586,000	
Less cost of working,	569,000	
	<u>17,000</u>	
Customs import duties,		4,869,000
" export duties,		4,000
Navigation dues,		11,000
Sundry products of the customs,		62,000
Excise duties on salt,		1,273,000
" on wine, beer, and spirits,		9,737,000
" on home-made sugar,		2,630,000
" on sundries,		1,334,000
Sale of tobacco,	£9,872,000	
" gunpowder,	528,000	
	<u>£10,400,000</u>	<u>£56,734,000</u>
Forward,		

Forward,	£10,400,000	£56,784,000
Less cost of working	2,862,000	
		7,538,000
Post-office receipts,	£3,573,000	
Less cost of working,	2,647,000	
		926,000
Product of the universities,		150,000
" of Algeria,		660,000
<i>Retenues</i> on salaries, &c.,		589,000
Various receipts,		1,745,000
Cochin China indemnity,		43,000
Payment from the Société Algérienne,		666,000
Balance in hand from the last loan,		614,000
Receipts specially affected to the departmental budget, over and above the £9,360,000 already shown in the direct taxes,		1,852,000
		£71,517,000
Deduct loss on the telegraph service —		
Cost,	£478,000	
Receipts,	442,000	
		36,000
		£71,481,000

It is quite unnecessary for the purpose of this article to extend this column of figures by giving the details of the expenditure side of the account; it is sufficient to say that interest on the Consolidated Debt (*Rentes*) absorbed £14,000,000, and that the nominal capital of those *Rentes* was £447,000,000. This was the situation when the war broke out.

In August 1870 a first loan of £50,000,000 nominal was effected by M. Magne, then Minister of Finance. It was in 3 per cent *Rentes*, and was issued at 60 1-2. It consequently costs £1,500,000 a-year, and it produced in cash about £30,000,000. Three months later another loan for a nominal capital of £10,000,000 was brought out in England, in 6 per cent stock at 85. The annual interest on it amounts to £600,000, and its net product to the Treasury was £8,160,000. It results from these facts that on 1st January 1871 the nominal amount of the Consolidated Debt of France was about £507,000,000, and the annual amount of interest thereon about £16,100,000.

The direct cost of the war is stated by M. Thiers to amount to about £320,000,000, of which £200,000,000 is for the indemnity to Germany, and about £120,000,000 for outlay by France. But the latter sum contains nothing for the requisitions made by the invading army, or for

the damage done by battle. It is, however, recognized that the country must pay the value of all this, or, at all events, a large part of it. It would be flagrantly unjust to leave the money consequences of the destruction caused by the war to be paid solely by the inhabitants of the 8000 communes which have been occupied by the Prussians. The other 28,000 communes which have escaped all material suffering ought naturally to contribute their proportion to the losses incurred in the Northern Provinces; and they can only do it in the form of a national payment. The amount to be provided for this purpose is estimated at a minimum of £20,000,000. The cost of the Communal insurrection is another item to add to the list. No official statement has been made with respect to it; but it seems to result, from the various estimates which have been published, that it must reach somewhere about £6,000,000, not including, of course, the damage done in Paris by fire and bombardment, which alone is said to represent £18,000,000, and which will have to be borne by the municipality. Finally, the interest, at 3 per cent, on the German indemnity represents, for three years (on the £120,000,000 still unpaid), £10,800,000. The total of these various charges reaches about £357,000,000; and it must be remembered that they include nothing

but the liabilities which fall on the State — that they make no allowance either for the large share of outlay which the towns and village corporations will have to cover, or for the deficiency of £27,000,000 which has arisen in the estimated product of the taxes in 1870 and 1871 — and that the vast sum represented by destruction of trade and by privation of profits must be added to them in order to

arrive at a general statement of the entire loss to France, which has, directly or indirectly, been provoked by the war and the insurrection. We, however, are dealing with the cost to the State alone; and we may take £357,000,000 as being very nearly the exact amount of that cost. Part of this sum has been paid already, the cash for it having been provided from the following sources:—

M. Magne's loan gave about	£30,000,000
The English loan produced	8,160,000
The Departments contributed (for the Garde Mobile) about	5,500,000
The Rentes of the army dotation were appropriated and sold for about	4,000,000
The Bank of France advanced	53,200,000
Exchequer bills were issued for	12,240,000
The new loan lastly raised	80,000,000

The total of the resources obtained to this date is consequently about £193,100,000

With this sum the first £80,000,000 have been paid to Germany, and £113,000,000 of the French war expenses have been discharged. The amounts remaining to pay are a balance of some £7,000,000, on the French side, £120,000,000 to Prussia, about £11,000,000 of interest thereon, and £26,000,000 for the damage done by the war, and for the cost of the Communist rebellion; the total of these debts is about £164,000,000, forming, with the £193,000,000 already paid, the general amount of £357,000,000, already indicated. The whole of this sum will not, however, constitute a permanent debt; the advances obtained from the Bank, from the army dotations, and on Exchequer bills, representing together £69,440,000, and certain parts of the outstanding claims, will be paid off by degrees out of income, and will never assume a consolidated form: that at least is the intention announced by M. Thiers, and it is easy to understand why he should wish to realize it; he cannot at present raise money under 6 per cent by an issue of Rentes, but the money lent by the Bank of France comes to him in notes which cost that institution nothing, and on which he pays an interest of 3 per cent during this year, and of only 1 per cent from 1st January next; furthermore, this advance in no way presses, for it is repayable during eight years at the rate of £8,000,000 a year. The consequence is, that the real amount of lasting debt which will have to be contracted is £258,000,000, composed of M. Magne's loan, the English loan, the £80,000,000 just brought out, the £120,000,000 to come three years hence, and, probably, a special and separate issue to provide the £20,000,000 which have to be paid for damages. This £258,000,000 would

form a nominal capital in Rentes of about £300,000,000, supposing, which does not seem improbable, that the loans which have yet to be effected are arranged at par, with 5 per cent interest. The entire amount of the National Debt of France would, on this hypothesis, be carried to about £750,000,000, and the interest on it to about £28,000,000. The balance of war expenditure over and above the £258,000,000 will be successively repaid out of income. This brings us to the next part of the question; what will be the annual expenditure of France when all these charges are included in the Budget?

In his speech of 20th June, on the Loan Bill, M. Thiers has given an explanation of that budget; but, notwithstanding his lucidity, he does not enable us to exactly follow him, and there are some obscure points in his statement which will not be cleared up until the debate takes place on ways and means: his figures permit us, however, to form a very approximate idea of the truth, though in order to do so it is necessary to group the elements of the account in a different way from that which he adopted.

The nominal Budget of 1870 may be taken as the basis of the modified Budget of 1871; it amounted, as has been already shown, to £82,224,000 (including the double entries on each side). The items which will increase this sum will come into play at various dates; some of them will be temporary, some of them permanent; and in order to class them correctly, we are obliged to make two separate calculations; — the first showing the Budget of 1871, as it seems likely to finally come out; the second indicating the Budget of some future year, after

all debts are discharged, and all temporary payments completed.

The economies proposed in this year's expenditure do not appear to exceed £1,200,000. This figure is not distinctly given by M. Thiers, but it results or, seems to result, from his speech. If it be correct, the amount we start from—that is to say, the total of the Peace Budget of 1871—will be £81,024,000. To this we have to add £4,600,000 for interest on the three loans already issued (it should be remembered that the coupons of the last loan date only from 1st July); £3,000,000 for ten months' interest to Germany on the £120,000,000 which remain unpaid; £1,600,000 for interest on the advance made by the Bank; £8,000,000 for the first instalment of repayment of that advance (due 1st January 1872); £4,000,000 for the reconstitution of the dotation of the army; and a margin of, say, £2,000,000 for the unforeseen liabilities which will surely arise at a moment of such complication. This form of estimating the Budget in no way resembles that adopted by M. Thiers; but it does not appear to be far wrong, and it leads us to a total of £104,224,000 for 1871. After Germany is paid in full—after the Bank of France has got back its advances—this amount will be considerably diminished; it will probably fall to about £94,000,000, including therein the interest on the new loans of £120,000,000 for Prussia, and of £20,000,000 for home indemnities. Consequently the future budgets of France seem likely to range between a maximum of £104,000,000 now, and a minimum of £94,000,000 a few years hence. These figures may be modified after discussion of the Budget by the Chamber, but the principle of loading the present in order to diminish the permanent charges in the future is wise and practical, and it is unlikely that the Assembly will reject it. When it became known that the war had cost about £350,000,000 the general idea was that the whole sum would be raised in the form of Rentes, and that the interest thereon would involve, at an average of 6 per cent, a durable addition of £21,000,000 to the national expenditure. But instead of borrowing £350,000,000, M. Thiers takes only £258,000,000 (including £20,000,000 for French damages); and instead of incurring a permanent annual payment of £21,000,000 for interest, he will leave behind him an augmentation on that head, which probably will not exceed £14,000,000. To attain this result, however, the next ten years will have to bear a special load, averaging something like

£10,000,000 a year, the effect of which will be to produce a total increase of the Budget during these ten years of about £23,000,000, as compared with the total before the war. This was the original estimate of the new taxes which France would have to support. The plan adopted involves, however, a diminution of that sum hereafter, amounting, as has been shown, to about £10,000,000, so leaving the permanent increase at about £13,000,000 altogether.

M. Pouyer Quertier has laid before the Chamber a scheme of taxes destined to make up this deficit: that scheme is mainly based on an increase of the customs duties, which means that, if it be adopted, France will resume the practice of protection which it abandoned in 1860 when the Treaty of Commerce was signed with England. The interest of the subject is doubled by this proposal; it involves not only the raising of some £23,000,000 of new receipts, which is in itself a singularly large question, but also the probability of a total modification of the commercial policy which France has followed for the last eleven years. Before the present project was communicated to the Assembly, the feeling was general throughout the country that the Government would resort to direct taxation in some shape to be determined—that income-tax was the most likely solution, and that a return to protection (notwithstanding the well-known personal proclivities of M. Thiers and of Pouyer Quertier) could not reasonably be expected. The publication of the Ministerial plan consequently produced considerable surprise, some emotion, and endless discussion. The advocates of direct imposts, especially of income-tax, urged that, at a moment like this, the requisite revenue ought to be raised on production, and not on consumption; that taxes on consumption alone leave each consumer at liberty to determine for himself the amount which he will contribute to the needs of the nation, for he has only to diminish the quantities of the objects which he eats, drinks, and wears, in order to simultaneously diminish the taxes which he pays; that duties on production oblige each citizen, on the contrary, to pay up in proportion to what he gains, and deprive him of the faculty of evading by economical living the proportion of responsibility which attaches to his position in the world. The Protectionists retort that these are only disguised arguments in favour of income-tax, which is, in fact, the only "impost on production;" that

income-tax is impossible in France, not only because the people will not have it, and would steadfastly make false returns in order to escape it, but also because the average income of adult Frenchmen is under £80 a-year, and consequently offers no ground for the application of such a duty; that the whole nation hates the sight of a tax-gatherer, and would prefer to support any amount of indirect contributions rather than get off for a less sum on condition of paying it straight away; finally, that the manufacturing interests absolutely need protection against foreign competition in order to enable them to compensate the additional burdens which they have henceforth to bear. The Free-Traders reply, with a mixture of irritation and scorn, that the pretended horror of the tax-gatherer is all nonsense, that a French peasant is as crafty a calculator as any Paris banker can be, and that he knows his own interests well enough to elect the form of taxation which costs him the least, no matter whether he has to pay directly or indirectly; that as in 1870 the direct taxes produced £22,670,000, while the custom and excise dues together did not reach quite £20,000,000, it is evident that he is as much accustomed to one as to the other; that the objection based on the average insufficiency of incomes throughout France is, in fact, a strong argument in favour of taxes which specially affect the rich, and against duties which weigh equally on rich and poor alike; and that the idea of protecting home manufacturers because they have to pay their share of the new taxes is totally inadmissible, since it applies with equal force to every Frenchman whatever be his trade.

All these arguments, however, refer only to the principles involved in the discussion; it is when it approaches the details of M. Pouyer Quartier's scheme that it grows bitter, because direct personal interests then come into play. That scheme proposes to add £10,520,000 to the import duties hitherto levied, £4,000,000 thereof being on raw material of various kinds, the new tax being at the rate of 20 per cent *ad valorem*. The announcement of this project produced a general outcry in the trades which draw their raw material from abroad; the silk-weavers particularly declared that such a duty would ruin them, and sent a deputation to Versailles to protest against it. Whether other manufacturers could support it better will appear in the debate hereafter, but there does not appear to be any reason to suppose that French-made goods can

continue to be exported under such a load. It is evident that an increase of one-fifth in the cost of raw silk would be fatal to Lyons, for the home growth has been so diminished during the last twenty years that it is quite incapable of supplying the looms, and the proposed system of drawbacks on exportation is so cumbersome and unpractical that it is not likely to counterbalance the disorder which would be introduced into the trade by so enormous an import duty.

The arguments employed in France against the entire plan leave out, however, altogether one of the most striking points connected with it. They take no notice of the fact that it would carry the customs dues in one jump from £5,000,000 to £15,500,000, and they do not invoke the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of trebling taxes on consumption without so diminishing that consumption that it will no longer produce the anticipated yield, especially as this huge addition of dues is given as the net result after deducting all drawbacks on exportation. Can it be expected that £20,000,000 worth of raw material will continue to be imported annually into France in the face of such a duty as 20 per cent? The £2,120,000 of proposed extra taxes on sugar and coffee might perhaps be realized, but the £3,200,000 expected to be raised on textile goods would seem to be a most uncertain item. Furthermore, none of these additional duties could be put into force until the commercial treaties by which France is bound to other countries have been modified or annulled. For these various reasons, it is in no way surprising to find that a serious opposition to the whole scheme is being organized in the Chamber, and that its chances of passing into law are diminishing every week. This opposition applies almost exclusively to the adoption of customs dues as the essential element of the arrangement; its other parts are less attacked.* The proposed increase of the stamp and registration fees, the new taxes on marine and fire insurances, on playing-cards, paper, allumettes, and the chicory used as a substitute for coffee; the augmentation of the excise duties on wine, spirits, beer, and cider; and even the rise of one sou on the cost of letter postage, — are all considered more or less practical and wise solutions; but the adoption of such tremendous import duties seem likely to raise a real storm. The extra revenue

* Since the above was written, the Budget Committee has rejected the duty on raw materials.

which France wants now at once is stated by the Minister to amount to about £19,300,000, though it results from the preceding calculation that a larger sum will be needed if the unfunded part of the new debt is to be paid off by annual instalments. That revenue, whatever be its precise figure, must be raised; whether the people like it or not, they will have to provide it, in some form or other, but at all events they have the right, through their representatives and by direct action of their own, to manifest their wishes and to protect their interests. These wishes and interests cannot be correctly judged from our English standard; neither in cause, from or result do they exactly resemble our own desires or necessities; but the French absolutely agree with us in the main principle that agricultural and wine-growing districts have nothing to gain by the application of duties on the importation of raw or manufactured articles. About three quarters of the population would, therefore, if they expressed their opinions, be opposed to taxes which, while they increase the cost of their food and clothes, bring them no kind of corresponding advantage. It is only in certain branches of manufacture that any compensating advantage would be found; and as, notwithstanding the recent enormous development of its industrial productions, France is still essentially an agricultural country, it is clear that the proportion between those who would gain and those who would lose by a readoption of protection is very small indeed. An income-tax (which is not, however the only other practical solution) would have the merit of weighing equally on everybody; but its application would probably be difficult, and its opponents may be right in urging that all kinds of fraud would be practised in order to evade it. Furthermore, French Government employes are, as a rule, the most offensive, inquisitorial, insolent class in Europe; they would inevitably discharge their duties of verification with a want of tact, with an indiscreet zeal and a personal curiosity, which would render that verification more disagreeable still. But these considerations, serious as they are, can scarcely be admitted to constitute a sufficient and valid motive for rejecting the principle of such a tax; they would naturally induce the Legislature to seek all practicable means of protecting the public from unnecessary annoyance, but that is the only real result which they ought to be permitted to bring about. The other and far graver argument that

France is not rich enough to pay an income-tax is absurd on the face of it; if such a statement were true, France would never be able to get out of its present difficulties at all, for it is income alone, or, more exactly, the accumulation of wealth represented by it, which can supply £100,000,000 a-year to the Exchequer. It may possibly be true that the average annual receipt of each Frenchman does not exceed £80; but in every country in the world the mass of the population is poor, and France is no exception to the rule. It is, however, equally true that the incomes above £80 a-year make up a total of about £300,000,000; and that, before the disasters of the last twelve months, the country was regularly laying by one-third of that sum. £300,000,000 of taxable revenue certainly supply matter enough for the extraction of the £10,000,000 which are wanted. If the entire sum were honestly stated in the returns, a rate of 3 1-2 per cent (8 1-2d. in the pound) would suffice; and if we admit that only £200,000,000 would be acknowledged by the public, a tax of 5 per cent (a shilling in the pound) would produce the requisite amount. The latter rate appears to be the maximum which would have to be applied; the question, therefore, lies between 20 per cent of import duties, or 5 per cent of income-tax. The declared intention of M. Thiers being, however, to abandon office rather than accept the latter solution, it may be supposed that if the majority of the Chamber should reject the duties on raw material, a compromise of some kind will be effected, both sides abandoning their theories, and that some altogether new tax will be adopted to fill up the gap. There are in France a group of economists who have taken up income-tax with enthusiasm, as if it were a remedy for all difficulties, and a panacea for all trials. This party is influential and active, but it has become so blinded by its own convictions that it has ceased to recognize that whatever be the merits of its plan it is not the only one which the position offers. France is singularly rich in taxable matter, and if from real inherent objections, or from the purely political motives which might result from the resolute opposition of M. Thiers, all parties should agree that income-tax shall not be tried, there will remain several other solutions capable of providing the £10,000,000. A tax on clothing, especially on the dearer articles which are included under that head, would be a wise and popular arrangement: it would

mainly fall on the wealthier classes, but would give them the satisfaction of paying indirectly, for it would, of course, be included amongst the excise duties, and would involve no visit from the tax-gatherer. The consumption of stuffs in France (cotton, wool, silk, and linen) reaches about £120,000,000 a-year, so that an impost of 10 per cent thereon would produce more than the sum required. The other articles employed in dress—leather, felt, straw, &c.—afford a margin for additional taxation, if it were thought desirable to put a lower rate on tissues. The proposed increase of the wine and spirit duties, which stands in M. Pouyer Quertier's plan at about £3,500,000, might certainly be carried considerably further. Many objects of luxury—carriages, servants, pianos, jewels, and other articles of daily use, such as books, candles, furniture in all its forms—are untaxed, and would offer a large field for examination, so that, without touching bread, meat, coal, or iron, which four categories of home production the Finance Minister rightly declares to be sacred, there is room enough to turn round and to select a scheme which, without adopting either protection or income-tax, will make up the required revenue. The difficulty of choice does not lie in the dearth of matter; it springs mainly from the strong prejudices which exist in both sides, and which render mutual concessions almost impossible. The end will probably be that neither party will carry its object; that both customs duties and income-tax will be abandoned; and that some totally different source of revenue will be selected from the list which has just been given.

But if there is difference of opinion as to the selection of the means to be employed, there is, happily complete unanimity as to the power of France to support the new charges, whatever be their form, which will be imposed upon it: not a doubt, not a hesitation exists on that part of the subject; and when we have glanced at the reasons invoked in explanation of this confidence, we shall recognize how legitimate and well based it is. Those reasons are of two sorts: some of these result from the singularly healthy signs which were furnished by French securities during the war, others from an examination of the inherent condition of trade and production.

The forced currency of bank notes was adopted in August 1870, and, notwithstanding the series of disasters which have occurred since, those notes have never

been at more than one per cent discount in Paris, and that only for a few weeks: in Belgium they actually reached a small premium. They have long been at par again, though there is no probability of an immediate resumption of specie payments by the Bank. This fact is an argument in itself, and, even if it stood alone, would almost suffice to justify the feeling that France will recover rapidly. But when we remember that it has taken place simultaneously with a total suspension of all commercial payments, and with a fall of 30 per cent in the price of Rentes (74 to 52), its value becomes infinitely increased. On 13th August the Chamber passed a Bill delaying for one month the payment of all outstanding acceptances: the delay has been successively extended down to March for the provinces, and to this moment for Paris; the Bank held a very large amount of those acceptances, which it had taken, as usual, under discount: its current receipts were therefore correspondingly diminished, while its advances to the State were carried to more than £50,000,000; yet, in the face of all this, its notes retained their value, and its shares only fell 5 per cent in all between 15th July 1870 and 1st June 1871. The shares of other institutions came down enormously; even those of the Credit Foncier fell 30 per cent, while the stock of many strong financial companies lost 50 or 60 per cent; but Bank shares moved only in the trifling proportion indicated, and have since risen to a higher price than they reached before the war began.

So far as a National Bank can be taken to represent the credit of a country, so far as public confidence in that Bank can be taken as the measure of its power and influence, it must be owned that the Bank of France has come out wonderfully from this trial, and that the strength which it has shown and the skill with which it has been managed argue well indeed for the interests over which it presides. But the Bank is not the only great corporation which supplies evidence of the monetary force of France; the Railway Companies, which, from their special organization, may almost be regarded as national institutions, have shown almost equal vitality. With the exception of the southern lines, all traffic on them has been virtually stopped during a period of six months, while damage of every kind has been simultaneously inflicted on their works and stock; yet their shares never fell more than about 25 per cent in the worst cases,

while their debentures only lost about 18 per cent, the greater part of which in both classes of securities, has been recovered already. This resistance to the depressing effects of invasion and disaster, is one of the features of the history of the war; it has remained generally unnoticed, because the great facts of the campaign struck public attention with so much intensity that economical questions were lost sight of in the smoke of battle; but now that the smoke has cleared away, the time has come to put them forward. We may fairly argue that if the crushing events of the last twelve months have had, relatively, so little effect on the position of the Bank and the Railways, which are the two most manifest expressions of the money dealings and the interior trade of the country, the damage caused by those events cannot have been either deep or extensive. This opinion is confirmed by the rapidity with which the traces of war have been effaced, and by the evident abundance of the supply of money for all the necessities of trade. The subscriptions for the loan partook somewhat of a speculative character, and consequently offered a less certain proof of a really sound condition than that which is furnished by the energetic revival of industry and commerce. In every direction business is resuming its former activity; and unless it should be checked again by political complications or by unwise fiscal regulations, we may expect soon to see France laying by £100,000,000 a-year, as she did during the prosperous years of the Empire.

If from these actual and special evidences we turn towards the general prospects of France as indicated by its rate of progress during the last quarter of a century, we find equal ground for expecting that she can easily carry the burden which the war has imposed upon her. Her foreign trade (imports and exports together) has risen from an annual average of £54,000,000 for the ten years ending with 1836, to £251,000,000 for the same period ending with 1869. The yearly balance of value of her exports over her imports rose in the same thirty years from £1,240,000, to £12,280,000. On 31st December 1869 she had 10,575 miles of railway open, all constructed since 1840; while 3671 miles of new lines were being made. The development of her home traffic is proved by the facts that, in 1869, the railways carried 105,017,972 passengers over an average distance of 23 miles, and 42,078,413 tons of goods over an average distance of 94

miles. The gross receipts produced by this traffic amounted to £27,000,000, giving an average of £2550 per mile per annum. The production of coal rose from 5,900,000 tons in 1853, to 13,100,000 tons in 1869; and that of iron from 600,000 tons to 1,350,000 tons in the same period. The manufacture of beet-root sugar, which was only 20,000 tons in 1841, reached 204,000 tons in 1869. The bills discounted at the Bank of France represented £73,000,000 in 1852, and £267,000,000 in 1869. The progress has been the same in almost every branch of trade; and the closer we look at the details of each branch, the more clearly do we see that the progress has been real, solid, and sound, and that it shows no mark of fictitious success. Furthermore, the signs of national prosperity are not limited to these augmentations, great as they are, in the quantities of business done. The extension of foreign trade in new articles, especially in iron-work, railway stock, and textile manufactures, supplies evidence of equal value. Until 1855 France had no share in the supply of metallic products to other countries. That trade was monopolized by England and Belgium; but during the last fifteen years, rails, iron bridges, railway carriages, and fixed plant, have been sent all over Europe by French makers; locomotives from the Creusot Works have been sold in England itself, and the wire covering of the Atlantic Cable of 1867 was supplied from the Jura. That France should be able to compete successfully with England in iron seems scarcely credible, but it is so; the fact is explainable by the relative cheapness of labour in France, and by the admirable management which it brings to bear: coal and ore cost far less in England, but the difference in the price of raw material diminishes with the degree of work employed to convert it into a manufactured article, and France can turn out a locomotive at the same price as England, though the matter which composes it costs nearly twenty-five per cent more in one case than in the other. The same results may some day be attained in other trades, even in cotton perhaps; for France is already able to sell muslins and other similar fabrics in central Europe, notwithstanding the rivalry of the cheap Swiss makers. The rapid extension which has taken place in the export of French agricultural products deserves to be specially alluded to, for but few persons probably are aware of its importance. The value of the wine shipped has risen from an an-

nual average of £1,880,000 forty years back, to £9,000,000 at present; the increase in corn shipments between the same dates has been from £440,000 to £5,200,000, in cheese and butter from £90,000 to £1,800,000, in horses and cattle from £320,000 to £5,200,000, in eggs from £130,000 to £850,000, in fruit from £130,000 to £660,000, in linen and hempen threads from £50,000 to £520,000, while a hundred other articles have increased in similar proportions. The only objects in which a diminution has occurred are those known as "articles de Paris," which include coffrets, glove-boxes, dressing-cases, and analogous trifles; their exportation has fallen from £250,000 a-year, to £180,000. With this one exception, every single element of export has gone up from five to ten times since 1830.

In the face of such facts as these, which could be multiplied almost indefinitely, if there were any use in furnishing further proofs, is it not reasonable to suppose that the home and foreign trade of France will continue to develop in the future as they have done in the past? Is it not fair to expect that the balance of trade in its favour will steadily increase, that the yearly profit laid by will go on augmenting, that production in all branches of industry and manufacture will maintain its progress? Education is advancing with rapid strides: a few years ago, forty per cent of the conscripts drafted into the army were unable to read and write; in 1869, the proportion was only twenty per cent, and it seems to be steadily decreasing at the rate of about one per cent per annum. The population is becoming more and more able to understand its interests, and to extend the productiveness of its work. Excepting in politics it appears to be advancing on all the roads which lead to profit; its old habits of economy have not been really affected by the influences which got into play during the extravagant years of the Empire. And it should be remembered that the wasteful outlay of that period was not only compensated by special gains, but that it was localized in Paris and a few other large cities, and that the mass of the inhabitants took no part in it. The French, as a whole, are still a thrifty, sober, hard-working race; the one black spot in their commercial future is the separation which is growing up between the objects, tendencies, and interests of the agricultural population and those of the manufacturing classes; that separation is not yet sufficiently defined to enable us to determine how far it may

some day influence the forward march of national wealth; but it may be feared that the scission between the peasant who owns land and the workman who owns nothing, may grow hereafter into a grave danger.

From the facts and figures before us, it results that the events which have occurred since this time last year have involved an outlay which obliges France to add about £23,000,000 to its budget for the next ten years, but that that addition can be reduced to about £13,000,000 at the expiration of that period. Whether these amounts will turn out to be absolutely correct depends on the form which may be finally given to the settlement of the still outstanding part of the debts incurred; all that can be said with certainty at this moment is, that these amounts appear to approximate closely to the truth, according to the statements made by M. Thiers. An increase of £23,000,000 of taxation in one lump has never yet been applied in Europe, and it will necessarily weigh heavily on France, especially at a moment when she is suffering in so many other ways, materially and morally. But there cannot be the slightest doubt, in the face of the evidence that has been adduced here, that she can bear it, and that, if necessary, still higher sums could be extracted from her without producing exhaustion, or even much fatigue. The accumulation of money in the country has permitted France to support the disasters of the war without showing a sign of breaking down under them. The development of her resources will continue; four or five years of prosperity will enable her to reconstitute by profits the entire sum which she has lost; and, but for the eventuality of political difficulties, there seems to be no ground for doubting that she will recover with an energy and a speed which will be cited in history as a great example of the recuperative forces which trade and production are beginning to bring into play. These forces are relatively new, and their application in France has not yet been seriously tested: they will now be called upon to show what they can effect; and if they carry France quickly up the hill again, the experiment will once more prove the truth of the principles of the modern school of economists, and will demonstrate that in France, as elsewhere, the progress of nations depends on their productive powers and on the extension of their trade. France, fortunately for her, has become as thoroughly a nation of shopkeepers as England is or was; but,

in addition to her commercial aptitude, she possesses a special elasticity of character and temper which serves her admirably now, for it supplies her with confident hope in her trial and humiliation, and prevents her suffering from the despondency

which would assuredly afflict most other races at such a moment. We may look on without anxiety at our neighbour's convalescence, and may feel certain that the moment of completely restored health is not far off.

From the "Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science" for July.

THE MOUSE'S EAR AS AN ORGAN OF SENSATION.—Dr. Schöbl, of Prague, who lately published a remarkable paper on the wing of the bat, has made similar researches on the ear of the white mouse, with very interesting and surprising results (in "Schultze's Archiv," vol. vii. p. 260.) The first thing which struck Dr. Schöbl was the immense and "fabulous" richness of the ear in nerves. Even the bat's wing is but poorly supplied in comparison. The outer ear was carefully divided horizontally through the middle of the cartilage into two laminae, each of which was found to be equally supplied with nerves, and was then examined by removing the epidermis and the Malpighian layer of the skin. In each of these laminae were discovered three distinct strata of nerves, which are thus described: The first or lowest stratum lies immediately upon the cartilage; it consists of the largest trunks which enter the ear, 5 to 7 in number, and their next branches, varying from .074 mm. to .028 mm. in diameter. The mode of division of these trunks is mainly dichotomous, but they are connected by several different kinds of anastomoses; as, for instance, by decussation of two adjacent trunks, by transverse or oblique connecting branches, by plexuses, by loops, &c.; while branches also perforate the cartilage, and bring the nerves of the two halves of the ear into connection. The general distribution agrees with that of the larger blood-vessels. The second stratum lies immediately over the first, and is connected with it by a multitude of small branches, and by a fine marginal plexus at the outer border of the ear which may be regarded as common to both. The diameter of its nerves is from .0185 mm. to .0098 mm.; it lies immediately under the capillary vascular network of the skin, and has a generally reticulated arrangement, forming plexuses of very various shapes. The third stratum of nerves, developed out of the very finest twigs of the second, lies at the level of the capillary network; it is composed of branches .0098 mm. to .0087 mm. in thickness, which (like those of the other strata) contain medu-

lated nerve-fibres. It forms an extremely delicate network, like the second layer, but its finest branches may terminate in two ways. Some of them, each containing two to four medullated fibres, run directly to the hair follicles, and form a nervous ring round the shaft of the hair, terminating below the follicle in a nervous knot. Others, again, consisting of not more than two medullated fibres, bend towards the surface where the fibres lose their double outline, and form, immediately under the Malpighian layer of the skin, a fine terminal network of pale fibres, which is the fourth and ultimate stratum of nervous structures. The terminal "knots" or corpuscles, and the nervous rings, are inseparably connected with hairs and their sebaceous glands, so that through the whole of the external ear no hair can be found without this nervous apparatus, and *vice versa*. The connection of the hair follicle with the nerve termination is as follows:—Under the bulk of the hair in each follicle is a more or less conical prolongation, composed of distinct nucleated cells, which run vertically downwards, and is enclosed within the limiting membrane of the follicle. The nervous twig which, as has been said, runs to each hair follicle from the third stratum of nerves, makes several turns round the shaft of the hair, and from the ring thus formed two to four nerve-fibres run vertically downwards to the prolongation of the follicle, immediately beneath which they form a knot. These knots are almost always spherical, sometimes oval, and about .015 mm. in diameter. In each square millimetre of the marginal part of the ear there are about 90 such bodies, and near the base perhaps 20, so that the average number may be 30. Calculating from the average size of the ear of a common mouse, it is then found that there are on the average 3,000 nerve terminations on each of its surfaces, making 6,000 on each ear, or 12,000 altogether. The function of this elaborate arrangement would seem to be, like that in the wing of the bat, to supply by means of a very refined sense of touch, the want of vision to these subterranean animals.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CONSULE JULIO:

AN EPISODE UNDER THE COMMUNE DE PARIS.

SOME ten years ago, when people asked Monsieur Torreau, of the Rue Quincampoix, Paris, what he thought of doing with his son Jules, who was then a lanky youth, with trowsers too short for him, M. Torreau used to answer, in a tone of voice and with a toss of the head such as could only have come from a retired hatter who had got "dix milles livres de rente," that Jules was destined to become a Government functionary. And you should have heard the stress he laid upon that word **FUNCTIONARY!** Young Jules insensibly loomed upon the imagination of the listener attired in golden swallow-tails, with a red ribbon round his throat, a touch of lumbago, a pair of spectacles over his eyes, and a roll of administrative parchment under his arm. I think it was a secret chagrin to both the worthy people, M. and Mme. Torreau, that their son was such a long time getting bald. They looked with tender impatience to the day when his head, denuded of its hirsute forest, should shine like a new-laid egg, when his girth should round itself into the decorous shapeliness of a pumpkin, and when he should reap his visage every morning, leaving nought but moustache and "imperial" to denote that he was a man in authority, holding Bonapartist convictions, and enjoying a salary out of the public taxes. Alas! best of parent, what would you have said had it been predicted to you that your offspring, Jules, would climb the steep of power with a poll as shaggy as the uncombed mane of a lion, a beard flaming out to a foot's length on either side of his countenance, and the word "Republican" indelibly stamped on every part of his person and apparel — on his finger-nails, on the ragged cuffs and greasy collar of his coat, on the furious-looking brim of his wideawake hat? Ah me! . . . But let us not anticipate.

Young Jules was a good lad, and would have made a blameless hatter; but his father, with a restless eye to his future greatness, had sent him early to the Lycée Bonaparte, which was a mistake, for the Lycée Bonaparte in the Chaussée d'Antin was the most official and aristocratic of all the public schools; and when it became known there that young Jules was the son of "TORREAU, inventor of the *Simili-Panama*, warranted to stand all weathers. Price fifty sous. Beware of spurious imitations," the joke was thought too good

a one to be lost, and all the aristocratic young heads of "Bonaparte" blossomed out with simili-panamas, bought with hoarded pocket-money, and indulged in criticisms on the badness of this head-dress, in the hearing of young Jules, and with the kind intention of making him foam at the mouth. But it must be recorded that young Jules revenged himself with spirit. When the thing had gone far enough he flattened his fist on the nose of a senator's son so vigorously as to keep that young gentleman for two-and-twenty days on the sick-list; with his boot he drove the heir of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary rolling amidst a heap of plates; and armed with a simili-panama, he collared the rising hope of a Councillor of State, and made a furious, though happily ineffectual, attempt to force the obnoxious covering down his throat. After which, having established his physical supremacy, he exclaimed, with his teeth set, "And now I'll tell you what the son of a hatter can do;" and from that day forth won all the school-prizes — all without exception. At the annual solemnities, when the rewards were distributed before a concourse of friends and distinguished visitors, it was invariably young Torreau's name that headed the roll; and in the last year of his academic career, when he took part in the Concours Général, which is a competition of all the public schools in Paris, he carried the "Prize of Honour," — that for Latin Essay, — and enjoyed the triumph of being cheered to the echo by his old antagonists, who, proud of the lustre he was shedding on their school, shouted rapturously, "Vive Torreau!" and set up a hurricane of applause as, flushed and nervous amidst a vast assembly of spectators risen to their feet to do him honour, he descended from the dais where he had received his crown of gilt laurel leaves and his two thousand francs' worth of books from the Minister of Public Instruction.

I promise you that was a fine day for the Torreau connection. The excellent Madame Torreau wept a pocket-handkerchief-full of tears; the face of Torreau senior looked like a freshly-cooked lobster; and pretty Mlle. Victorine Torreau, known in the Quartier Quincampoix as the future possessor of "cent mille livres de dot," was as pink with pleasure and as moist about the eyes as though she had been suffered to marry poor Celestin Joubarbe, her father's ex-apprentice, who had dared to aspire to her hand, and been ignominiously forbidden the house in con-

sequence. But the climax was reached when, according to traditional usage, young Jules set out at six o'clock in the evening to dine with his Excellency the Minister at the latter's official residence. It was an event never to be forgotten in the Rue Quincampoix. M^{me}. Torreau had bought Jules a gold watch and dazzling chain; M^{lle}. Victorine had hemmed him a dozen white cravats; an uncle in the tailoring way had cut him a dress-suit out of the most glossy cloth of Elbœuf; and a second uncle, erst partner of Torreau senior, but now carrying on the simili-panama trade by himself, had presented him with a new opera-hat, patented, self-expanding, and costing twenty-five francs. In all of which splendors, and with his head as firmly imbedded in the starched folds of one of the cravats aforesaid as if it had been screwed there, young Jules burst upon the awe-stricken sight of his cabman and of the entire neighbourhood congregated on their doorsteps to see him off. As for Torreau senior, beside himself with contentment, he spent the evening in regaling his good friend Bastien Potachaux, ex-hosier and glover (whose son had won no prize), with the story of what advantages were attached to the Prix d'Honneur. And, truth to say, these advantages almost constituted a fortune. Thus, Jules would be exempted from military service. If he elected to enter the Bar, he would be dispensed from paying fees. If he chose to become a Professor, the Ecole Normale was open to him. Or, if he thought of turning Engineer or Artillery officer, he was privileged to step straight into the Ecole Polytechnique without passing the usual examinations. "And he will adopt the latter course," concluded Torreau senior, slapping the thigh of Bastien Potachaux, who listened with that natural enthusiasm we always evince at hearing that our friends' children have earned honours which our own have been unable to obtain. "He will join the Polytechnic School next October, become a Government engineer; and then, my old friend, one of these days, when you and I have got no teeth left in our heads, we shall see him Minister of Public works, or perhaps — who knows? — Prime Minister." Thus spoke Torreau senior, in the exuberance of his heart; and the words were fulfilled as he had spoken, for in the month of October following young Jules was admitted into the Ecole Polytechnique, and was then and there attired in the brass-buttoned coat, straight sword, and trim

cocked hat, which compose the uniform of that institution.

He remained a Polytechnician two years, and during that time had conic sections hammered into him by one professor, fortifications by a second, chemistry by a third, and the gentle art of wrapping one's head in wet towels the better to work all night by a fourth. The Ecole Polytechnique is a forcing-house, where the State endeavours to rear at great cost and with assiduous care that valuable plant called a *savant*. The better to do this, the State lays it down as the fundamental axiom that an amount of work which would kill a full-grown man outright need not interfere with the development of a growing boy. So the forcing is carried on at full steam, high pressure, and with all valves closed. The sprouting *savant* is kept to it morn, noon, and night, and bidden not forget that the eye of his country is upon him: the result of which is that if he do not prematurely collapse, the sprouting *savant* is restored to his affectionate family with his eyesight permanently weakened, his shoulders rounded, and a chronic singing in the head. Such was the fate of young Jules. After he had been at the school three months, being tenderly asked at home what he should like for a birthday present, he hinted at a pair of spectacles. At the end of half a year he gloomily directed his tailor to make his waistbands narrower. At the close of the twelvemonth he would occasionally complain that he felt something like a lump of lead inside his head; and on the day following the final examination he was laid up with brain-fever. But he had his reward. For when the lists were published his name was at the top; and the State, to recompense him for his noble efforts, for his two years of wet-towelling, and for his brain-fever, lost no time in appointing him to the post of fifth Government engineer in a remote town near the Pyrenees, at a salary of — eighty pounds a year.

II.

I REMEMBER, as if it were yesterday, the summer morning when young Jules dawned upon that town in the Pyrenees from the roof of a slow-paced diligence. It was the town of Tausserétins. I was secretary to the prefect, M. de Feuncontennu, and overnight my chief had said to me: "There is that young Torreau expected here to-morrow, but as Monsieur Nul, the chief engineer, is absent with his staff cutting out the new road, perhaps

you had better go and meet the young fellow, and help him to find lodgings."

So at daybreak I was standing in the yard of the "Lion d'Or," waiting for the diligence to come in.

It was always regarded as something of a sight, this coming in of the diligence, so that whilst the serving-maid of the "Lion d'Or" was laying out on the polished oil-cloth of the dining-room table the pyramids of white rolls, the pats of fresh-churned butter, and the large round bowls that were by-and-by to be filled with *café au lait* for such of the travellers as liked to breakfast there, a few of the local quidnuncs who were early risers, congregated beside me, with their pipes in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, to see if perchance there should be anything new that morning. Mdlle. Jeannine, the serving-maid, looked at them, laughing, through the dining-room window, and said to me: "They're always the same—regular at their posts like oysters on a sand-bank. If you came here three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year you'd always find them. But what brings you here so early?"

I explained my errand to the young lady, and told her I had come to meet a Polytechnician.

"Ah!" said she, "I don't like Polytechnicians."

"I am sorry for that, for I think of bringing this particular one to lodge here."

"Then that's another bed I shall have to make, that's all."

"Why don't you like Polytechnicians?"

"What is there to like in them? Gentlemen who walk bent double like compasses, and who are for ever proving things by rule, just as if it wasn't the stupidest thing in the world to go by rule! I don't like people who prove things. The Saint-Cyrians are much better. There's your friend, M. de Gardefer of the Cuirassiers, who never knows what he says and is always laughing. He's much more amusing."

"And not bad-looking either, Mdlle. Jeannine?"

"I don't know anything about his looks—but chattering with you makes me lose time, M. Louis. There's the tooting of the diligence horn, too, and, mon Dieu! I've not yet put my milk on."

Amidst great clouds of dust, with the bells of its six mules all jingling together, and the bluff voice of its Biscayan driver shouting *Hue! Hop la! Ho!* the massive vehicle came rumbling down the road,

slackened its pace within sight of the inn, looked as if it would rock over when turned sharp opposite the courtyard, but righted itself without effort and rolled jolting over the paving-stones, through the gates, and so on up to the inn-door, where everybody alighted. The passengers who slid off the top and released themselves from the inside were of the usual category. A fat man with a port-manteau and a sheaf of umbrellas, walking-sticks, and fishing-rods, who had had the *coupeé* all to himself; a trio of pot-manufacturers who had been talking earthenware all the way from the rival town of Tousabrutés; a young curate with a portentous mushroom hat, freshly ordained and nervous, who had essayed to strike up a mild conversation with a swarthy Provençal nurse in charge of a swarthy and squalling Provençal baby; and a brace of officers in mufti on the box, going back to garrison after furlough, and looking hugely bored. But all these travellers were of hale complexion, had pink faces and more or less square shoulders; whence it was easy for a connoisseur to guess that none of them was young Torreau of the Government Forcing-House. I waited till I saw a washed-out physiognomy arise from amidst the boxes on the roof, and peer around it with an air of scrutiny, and when this physiognomy, preceded by a pair of interminable and angular, yet withal deliberate legs, had scrambled down the sides of the diligence like some black outlandish spider, I stepped forward and said, "Monsieur Torreau, I believe?"

"Yes," said he, "Torreau." And he fixed upon me one of the most curiously expressive pair of eyes I had ever seen before or have seen since.

"My name is Louis Blamont," I added, "and I am here to act as your cicerone; in fact to render you any service in my power."

"You are very good," said he, and he began gravely to look about him for two very hard, corded, parallelogramic boxes that constituted his luggage; also for a mottled tin box, shaped like an isosceles triangle, and which presumably contained his cocked-hat.

"I will tell one of the ostlers to carry these up to your rooms," I suggested, observing him stoop to lift the heaviest and stiffest of the parallelograms himself.

"An ostler costs fivepence," was his discouraging reply, "and the thing will be sooner and better done if I do it myself." And with some little straining he contrived to hoist the box on to his shoulders

as a bargeman does a sack of coals, and staggered with it towards the inn. To humour his whim, and save his unfortunate thin legs another journey, I caught up the second box and the isosceles triangle, and moved after him. "Here is an original character," thought I, and, struck with the novelty of a Government functionary of two-and-twenty perspiring to save five-pence, I watched with some curiosity to see what he would do next. What he did next was to carry his box to the very top of the house, on the plea that the rooms on the lower stories would be too dear for him. Then he drove a hard bargain with the landlord of the "Lion d'Or," proved to him beyond power of refutation that the sum he had first asked for was excessive, and triumphantly secured a reduction of thirty sous a week. After which he extracted a new uniform from one of the parallelograms, and was about to retreat to his bedroom in order to put it on, when I stopped him by saying that if he purposed calling on the head engineer, his chief, he must wait till the morrow, as M. Nul and his subalterns were absent making the new road, four leagues off, and would not be back till evening.

"Well, I'll go and join them," said young Torreau, in a matter-of-fact way, without pausing to debate the question with anybody.

"On a sweltering day like this, walk twelve kilomètres!" I protested. "Come, come!"

"I know it's hot," answered he, significantly wiping the perspiration from his brow, "but Government is not going to give me a salary to take notes about the weather. Besides, I suspect the workmen who are cutting the road, find it quite as hot as I do."

"But you have not yet breakfasted," I remonstrated, "and I was just going to invite you."

"Oh, as to breakfast," said he, "I can buy a piece of bread and eat it going along."

And so he did, and set off on the spot, in an undress uniform, and with metrical implements under his arm, I escorting him, and acting as his guide. We went a kilomètre together, and there I left him. He had not spoken a dozen words the whole way, but had munched his crust and taken such formidable strides, that I returned in the same condition as if I had been in a vapour-bath. Breakfast had just been served at the prefecture, and I was in time to subside into my seat, and be asked whether I had been running a

race, or doing anything else extraordinary.

"Well, and our new comer," added M. de Feucontennu, "does he promise to be an addition to our circle?"

"I hope he waltzes," remarked Madame la Préfète, whose one preoccupation was the success of her Wednesday *Thé-Dansants*.

"And does he look as if he could play billiards?" asked Raoul de Gardefer, a sort of cousin of Madame la Préfète's and tolerably regular in his attendance at our board.

I tried to describe what manner of a man young Torreau was; but toned down the colours rather, for being fresh from seeing the original, who had not impressed me as a very brilliant picture, I preferred he should have the chance of being judged on his own merits whenever he put in his appearance at the prefecture. What I said, however, was enough to make Madame Feucontennu understand that he did not convey the idea of being a very enthusiastic waltzer, and Raoul de Gardefer that, whatever taste he might possess for billiards, he was not likely to bestow much money on that pastime. Madame la Préfète sighed, and Lieutenant de Gardefer gave a shrug. As for the Prefect, he opined with a grin, that young Torreau's anxiety to be quick at work would wear off in time, as such industry generally did, and he was good-natured enough to point this remark, gathered from his profound experience of subalterns, at me. On the whole it was decided that young Torreau should have a card for the next Dancing Tea, and there be put through all the social ordeals, one after the other.

But several days before the Dancing Tea, mysterious rumours began to circulate about the town. It should be premised that Touscrétins was not used to emotions of any sort: it did not like them, it would have nothing to say to them. In a general way it was a peaceful town, fond of order, and paying its taxes. It also greatly respected the Government. Such men as thrived in other places, journalists and the like, had no hold there: they withered up by the roots and perished miserably. There was indeed a legend, purporting that at some time or other, vaguely undefined, a misguided individual had tried to start an opposition paper at Touscrétins, but it was only a legend. Serious people declined to believe that such a venture could have been possible, and even the authors of the legend acknowledged that the editor, after selling one copy of his first and last impression,

departed from the town at nightfall indebted to his printer, and was never heard of again. Touscrétins was not likely to miss him. There was that in the town's very appearance which suggested constituted authority, and the inborn, unlimited worship of it. The streets were seldom swept. If there was anything to be done, no man exactly knew who was the person to do it. If anything unpleasant happened, the blame was sure to light upon half-a-dozen wrong shoulders before settling on the right ones; and, when once it got *there*, it did not sit very heavily. Nobody had the faintest ghost of a notion as to what became of the public moneys that were levied of a quarter-day by means of rates; and those who spent these funds had less notions than the rest. Finally, no Government employé had ever been seen to do any other work there than draw his salary. In fact it was a well-governed town.

And how could it have been otherwise, when one considered the number of Government functionaries which Touscrétins, in common with most other French towns, then as now possessed? They were innumerable, unimaginable, ensconced everywhere; roosting on every perch, lodged in every conceivable nook; very rats in number, cohesiveness, and rodent appetite. Perhaps I may as well give a list of them: — A prefect, a secretary-general, and three councillors of prefecture; a president of the tribunal, four assistant-judges, a stipendiary justice of the peace, two clerks of court, and a public prosecutor; a receiver-general of taxes and two sub-receivers; a verifiicator of weights and measures, a chief of the custom-house, and two lieutenants; a high-keeper of the woods and forests (there were none to keep), and two sub-keepers; a commissary of police and a deputy commissary; a captain of gendarmerie and his lieutenant; a rector of academy, a postmaster, a keeper of the archives (which consisted in one deal-box full of papers), and two sub-keepers; a chief engineer, an inspector of roads and bridges, and four assistant engineers; a bishop, two vicars-generals, one dean, one archdeacon, six canons, two rectors, and eleven curates: tailing upon which gallant procession was an army of five hundred and thirty-seven clerks, postmen, wood-rangers, custom-house officers, tax gatherers, gendarmes, beadles, vergers, policemen, inspectors of quart-pots and firlots, tipstaff court ushers, prison jailers, prison governors, and police spies — all of whom, without exception, were remunerated out

of the public purse. Taking the thing in the aggregate, the cost of the town of Touscrétins to the State (Touscrétins, exclusive of its functionaries and their families, boasted a population of five thousand and three souls), was about three million five hundred thousand francs, or say 150,000*l.* a year. What Touscrétins gave back to the State in exchange for these sums, neither I nor anybody else have ever been able to determine.

Now it is easy to comprehend the sort of dismay that fell upon everybody when it was heard one morning that a stranger had come within the town, who felt disposed to criticize this state of things. It is never pleasant to be criticized. When a man has a good-sized wen that has taken up its abode on the nape of his neck, he does not thank you for calling attention to this wen; holding it up to scorn, and proposing violently to cut it off. So it is with a town that has a nice little cluster of abuses flourishing somewhere about it. Much better let the wen and the abuses alone, says Worldly Wisdom, and so said they of Touscrétins. They would have spoken outright on the subject to the greatest man in the world, had he attempted to reform them; but their sentiments found much more indignant expression upon their discovering that their new-come critic was not any mighty statesman or bishop from Paris — no *grande* traveller or sage from the other side of the Pyrenees — but simply that lanky young bit of an engineer from the Polytechnic School, who had not been in the town six days.

Somehow the news of this scandal reached the prefecture, and did not much surprise me, for I had guessed from the expression of young Torreau's eyes, and a certain look of being constantly ready to argue the point with you, that he would be an Ishmael, finding few to agree with him. But the intelligence amazed and disconcerted my chief, the Prefect; the fact being, that M. de Feucontenu was a sort of reformer himself, and, like a good many of that kind, naturally looked upon every other reformer as a trespasser upon his own reserved ground. Not that M. de Feucontenu, mind, went in for reform in the sense of improvement — that, of course would have been going a little too far for a prefect. But for instance, if he found that a thing had long been done *this* way, it was odds but he suggested one should try and do it *that* way, just for a change; and if everything went wrong from being done *that* way — as it sometimes did — the

public were fain to own that M. le Préfet had paid his tribute to the modern idea of progress by his spirited attempt at innovation. It is almost needless to add that M. de Feucontenu was comparatively young—not more than five-and-forty—and expected to earn promotion by his indefatigable energy. The prefectorate of Tousecrétins was his first high post, and, being his secretary, it was I who penned the remarkable despatches to the Home Office, in which he recapitulated his “reforms,” and stated his object, which was to convince the population that Government had an eye unceasingly and vigilantly fixed upon all their needs. When, therefore, M. de Feucontenu came by the knowledge of what young Torreau was up to, he frowned and exclaimed,—“This young fellow is making a bad beginning; it seems he has several times uttered opinions that were most bold to listen to. I should have thought better of a man of his education.”

“And not yet twenty-five,” ejaculated M^{me}. de Feucontenu, as who should say,—“So young and so depraved!”

“Have you any precise information, sir, as to what Torreau has been saying or doing?” I inquired, for I had as yet heard no specific charge adduced.

“Well,” said M. de Feucontenu, with a rather scared expression, “I hear that, on his very first day, he remarked that five engineers were being employed to do what could very well be accomplished by a single one; also that there were twice too many workmen; but—what is infinitely graver than this—he went the length of complaining of the works themselves, said that the road was unskilfully planned, that it might have been cut at half the cost, and have been at once more convenient and more durable. You understand the effect this produced upon M. Nul. For a man of talent to be criticized by one of his own subordinates, is a most painful situation, especially when there seems a likelihood of public opinion agreeing with the subordinate.”

“Is there a likelihood of that?” asked Raoul de Gardefer, laughing.

“Public opinion always goes wrong,” answered M. de Feucontenu. “Don’t you think, Blamont, you had better go and call upon this young fellow, and you too, Gardefer? Point out to him what a mistaken course he is following; explain that what carping minds call abuses are in most instances the vital elements of certain systems of government, which it is the interest, nay, the duty, of all order-loving per-

sons to uphold. Add, moreover, that for a young functionary to display too much zeal is not seemly, being an implied slight on the capacity of his superiors. In fact, talk him over, turn his mind towards suitable subjects, and try to make him a little more like yourselves.”

“I don’t know whether we are to accept that as a compliment,” laughed the Lieutenant, as he shook hands with M^{me}. la Préfète, and buckled on his sword.

“To-night is my *Thé Dansant*,” smiled the Préfète; “you will do well to bring M. Torreau back with you.”

III.

M^{me}. LA PRÉFÈTE’S Dancing Teas were generally well thronged, and when Raoul de Gardefer and I entered the rooms towards ten, bringing young Torreau with us in tow, they were more than half filled with the cream of that society skimmed off the top of our population of five thousand and three souls. I cannot say young Torreau had shown himself much overwhelmed with the sense of the honour done him by his invitation to the tea. He even seemed to regret the four francs he was compelled to disburse on a pair of white gloves, and made no secret of his reluctance to introduce himself into an extremely tight pair of patent-leather boots. But there he was, notwithstanding, dressed like everybody, and surveying the contortionate scene of a prefectural hop, with the smileless face and the serious gaze of a man who has some sort of idea that he is being hoaxed, and would like to know what possible pleasure human beings can find in jumping about in this way. We introduced him to the mistress of the house, who was still young, and pretty, and very affable, and asked him whether he danced. “Oh, no!” said he, in the same tone as if the muttered corollary were, “not I.” “But I will find you a partner,” continued she, laughing a little. “Well, if you do, Madame,” was his quiet answer, “we shall both be falling down together over those slippery boards, and there will be somebody’s leg broken.”

This was the sort of thing that Raoul de Gardefer and I had been undergoing during the whole afternoon. Young Torreau had not been influenced in the faintest degree by our visit of remonstrance. On the contrary, he had beguiled us into controversy, and, bringing the heavy artillery of logical syllogisms to bear on every proposition we advanced, routed us hip and thigh, the pair of us. On walking into his rooms on the topmost flat of the “Lion d’Or,” we

had found him covering an enormous sheet of foolscap with respectful observations addressed to the Minister of Public Works. In the first place, he requested to be sent to some other town, for, as there were already three more engineers than there was any necessity for, he looked upon himself as a useless incumbrance. In the next place he submitted that if every State road were cut on the same extravagant plan as the one which he had seen, and with the same total disregard of scientific principles, there was no need to pay engineers for doing such work—it might just as well be intrusted to navvies or stone-breakers. He concluded by offering to complete the road himself at a third of the present expense if he were allowed to do so untrammelled, that is, without the assistance of his chief, M. Nul, whom he regarded as a most incapable individual.

"Well, but," exclaimed Raoul de Gardefer aghast, and yet scarcely able to keep from laughing, as young Torreau coolly read us this document, "you surely don't mean to say that you intend sending that?"

"Why not?" asked Jules Torreau, turning round on his chair, and nibbling the end of his penholder. Through the glasses of his spectacles gleamed that expression of being ready to argue which I had instinctively learned to look upon as hopeless.

"I mean you can hardly think of ramming your head so completely into a hornet's nest," pursued the Lieutenant.

"I don't see that," protested Jules Torreau. "Who are the hornets?"

Raoul de Gardefer explained in an easy way that every Government office was a nest of hornets for those who went there to call attention to abuses. Perhaps if the abuse was a very, very small one, and the person thriving upon it a very, very small person, there was a remote prospect of the abuse receiving the most attentive consideration of a very, very small clerk, bearing a personal grudge against the very small person; and perhaps the abuse would be removed to this extent, that the very small person would be dismissed, and replaced by a cousin or nephew of the very small clerk, who would lose no time in implanting some other abuse worse than that which had been eradicated. But for any man, not a sworn foe to his own peace, to presume attacking abuses fostered by people holding a certain status, eminent, or wealthy, or distantly connected with one or more clerks

paid handsomely for doing nothing at the public cost, was about as promising a way of spending one's time as the trying to stop a mountain torrent with the bottom of one's wig, or the riding full tilt at a stone wall, or the going to do battle with a hippopotamus, armed with a wooden paper-knife.

"Ah! but these are no mere charges," exclaimed young Torreau, bridling up. "I can prove them—prove everything. See here," and he caught up an imposing sheet, illustrated with diagrams, geometrical figures, and exhaustive foot-notes. "Here is a plan of the road such as I would have it, and here is Nul's plan. Mine, you see, saves half-an-hour's walk between this point and that. It also takes one under shelter of a stretch of rocks, which would prevent the road being continually swept by winds, and, in the event of war—should we ever be invaded from the South—would offer a sure line of march to our troops, and enable them to entrench themselves as if in a fortress. Nul's road runs along a bleak bit of table-land, where the dust would blind one in summer, and the gales carry one off one's legs in winter. It would be utterly impracticable for military purposes. The expense of keeping it in repair would be terrific, and the only possible way that I can see of maintaining it permanently would be by planting along it a four-league-long avenue of fir-trees which would cost you may guess what, and not be available for another twenty years."

"Well, you may be right," answered Raoul de Gardefer, surveying the plans not without interest; "but believe me, M. Torreau, the less we youngsters show our elders that their heads are growing soft, the better they will like it; and the less risk we shall run of being oppressed, repressed, and, finally, sup-pressed."

Jules Torreau took back his diagrams, nursed his knee for a few moments, during which he eyed us both with some little dejection, and at length exclaimed, "If it be so, more's the pity; but I really see no reason in it for not doing one's duty. If I notice that a blunder is going to be committed, I am obviously bound to try and prevent it. I am sure, Monsieur, that, if you detected any abuses in your regiment, you would feel it your duty to denounce them."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, piously. "I should be writing despatches day and night."

And here the matter ended. Not ended in so far as talk was concerned, for we

talked during many hours, endeavouring to instil prudence into our new friend's head. But, talk as we might, we could never rid him of the conviction that the official world was a free hunting-ground, where any one who spied an abuse had a right to aim at it with loaded barrels, and bring it down if he could. Impossible to make him understand by a reference to the game-laws, the harmonious system of preserved lands, privileged shooters, and the rest of it. Impossible to make him grasp the idea, that what on the part of one man was lawful, coming from another was poaching. He remained obtuse on this point; and was just as far wrong as ever when, in the evening, baffled and worn out by his calm, quiet obstinacy, we took him to M^{me}. la Préfète's party.

"I wonder whether our hostess will be more fortunate with him?" said Gardefer, amused, as the seductive Préfète, after her futile attempt to make young Torreau dance, begged him to lead her to a seat, and tried to draw some conversation out of him.

In a few minutes more we saw the pretty M^{me}. de Feucontenu fanning herself and listening, whilst Jules Torreau, with his hands twitching at his gloves and his patent-leather boots evidently causing him uneasiness, was holding forth with a collected sort of fluency on topics which we could not catch for the braying of a brass band, to the inspiring strains of which four-and-twenty couples of Touscrétinians were actively quadrilling. It then occurred to me that, under present circumstances, an entertaining person to see would be Jules Torreau's victim, the unhappy M. Nul, whose life had hitherto been devoid of cares. So I cast about for that official until I found him in the card-room, playing whist with the President of the Tribunal, a dowager, and a dummy, and having the air of a man whose whole soul is impendent upon the ace of spades. And yet M. Nul had formerly been one of the most brilliant men of his day, and even now he carried a head that might have sat worthily on the shoulders of Olympian Jupiter. Unfortunately, there was nothing inside the head. It was like a plaster-of-paris bust—brainless; or, to employ a more homely simile, it resembled one of those walnuts which are, indeed, large and robust looking without, but which inside have nought but the ghostly vestige of a kernel. M. Nul had begun in the same way as young Torreau—by the Polytechnic School. Like his subaltern, he had come out from thence at the top

of the list, with spectacles, and a brain-fever; but, unlike him, the brain-fever seemed never to have left his head, but to have settled there under the chronic form of a mild imbecility, harmless to himself personally, but fatal to every species of work which he undertook. Of course, however, nobody amongst the public noticed that M. Nul was imbecile, nor that his work was trash; for it is one of the happiest effects of the competitive examination mania prevalent in this age that a youth who, by dint of stupendous cramming, manages to distance a certain number of other youths at twenty, is held to be wise, and an object meet for distinction ever after; and this though every particle of the knowledge acquired in his laborious cram may have leaked out of his pate, like water through a sieve, long before he has attained the ripe age of twenty years and six weeks. So M. Nul on starting in his professional career was loaded with favours. And he made roads which crumbled away, and built bridges that fell in, and water-dykes which burst, and aqueducts that flooded whole miles of country; and, thanks to a long series of such works, waxed each year higher in public esteem, until he had reached his present post, that of chief engineer of an entire department, where he did an incredible deal of harm in an innocent way, and was universally respected. So much respected that, in the hour of danger, not a man but would have put his whole confidence in M. Nul, and been brought to grief by him, with faith unshaken in his merits. Alas! what am I saying? The hour of danger *did* come, and, not one department only, but our whole country put its faith in M. Nul. For were they not all Messieurs Nul, those princes, generals, strategists, lawyers, who in the hour of France's need were in charge of the helm, and in one short year steered her out of the sea of glory, where she had so long and so proudly sailed, on to the rocks and shoals where her greatness and fame have been wrecked? But, after all, why talk of this? It is a thing of the past now—and words mend nothing.

M. Nul finished his game as I was watching him, counted his cards carefully twice over and ejaculated:

"I have one trick."

Which trick being the one needed to win the rubber, M. Nul slowly pocketed the stakes, rose with equal slowness from the table, and took up his position in a doorway, doing nothing and saying nothing. I approached him and wished him

good evening; and then I observed that his eyes were turned with something of an uneasy expression towards the corner of the adjoining room, where young Jules Torreau was still discoursing with Madame la Préfète. It was not difficult to perceive that, placid as M. Nul might be, the advent of young Jules had introduced an element of bitterness into his hitherto unruffled existence, though probably he did not quite understand what this bitterness was, nor what it meant.

"I have been calling to-day on your new assistant M. Torreau," I remarked, half-experimentally.

"Yes, Torreau. His name's Torreau. Jules Torreau is the new engineer's name. I am making a road, and he says he could make a road. But mine's better." M. Nul turned his opinion over once or twice in his mind as if to give his rival every chance, and then repeated with great satisfaction, "Mine's better."

"And after you have completed the road, I believe you are to begin a new reservoir?"

"Yes, a reservoir. A new reservoir. A new reservoir is what we are going to begin. And it will be a good reservoir." Again M. Nul turned over this sentiment once or twice in order that his rival might have the fairest play, and repeated with increased satisfaction, "It will be a good reservoir."

Just at this moment M. de Feucontenu, the Prefect, came hurrying along through the ball-room, upset, and holding a newspaper in his hand.

"Ah," said he, catching sight of us, "look at this, M. Nul, and you, Blamont. Here are pretty goings-on. This is last night's *Gazette des Boulevards* just come from Paris, and it contains the first of a series of articles headed *LETTRES D'UN FONCTIONNAIRE*, which is nothing but a pasquinade upon this town and everybody connected with it. Just see this: it describes our town to the life; and this—a 'prefect whose brains are like the froth on the top of a pint-pot,' that must be me; and here again—an 'engineer who is an ass,' that can only be you. By heavens, there is but one man who can have written this, and it must be that young Torreau; certain engineering terms that he has let slip in betray him. Egad! he must have set to work upon us the very morning after he got here. And to think that we are promised three of these letters every week until all abuses shall have been divulged!"

In blank dismay the Prefect handed the

paper to M. Nul and reiterated, "Three letters every week!"

M. Nul took the journal, turned it over and said profoundly: "*La Gazette des Boulevards. La Gazette des Boulevards* is the name of this paper. And he says, 'an engineer who is an ass.' Yes, certainly, that can only be me."

We were here joined by l'Abbé Pinette, chaplain of the prefecture, a neat dapper man, who exclaimed, much discontented: "I have been talking with that new engineer, M. Torreau, and I much fear that his mind is not godly. In the first five minutes he told me that the early fathers were sophists, steeped up to the neck in ignorance, and of extremely bad faith in controversy. Also, that he declined to believe Christianity was the origin of civilization, but that he was ready to argue the point."

"And he was just as bad in what he said to me," chimed in M^{me}. la Préfète, arriving with flushes of ill-concealed indignation on her pretty face. "I asked him whether he thought he should like our town, and he answered that perhaps he might if it were rebuilt and the inhabitants changed. Then I was telling him about the burning of the prefecture forty years ago, and he said it must have inconvenienced me greatly, just as if I was alive at that time and already Préfète."

After this, it stood evident that it was all up with Jules Torreau. Abandoned by Church, State, and womankind together, he was on the down-road to perdition by the express, and with all brakes up.

But I am afraid I should weary you if I were to recapitulate *seriatim* all the episodes of young Torreau's Odyssey in the town of Touscrétins. If you ever watched the career of a dog suspected of madness through the streets of an alarmed city, you must have observed how the hue-and-cry is first raised by some girl with a broomstick, then caught up by some ostler with a bucket, and how the inhabitants on both sides of the road, terrified by the sounds, issue out of their houses—when the dog is past—armed with sticks, old matchlocks, pitchforks, and join in the chase, howling frenziedly and at almost as great a rate as the dog himself. So it was with young Torreau. To all intents and purposes he was, in the eyes of Touscrétins, a mad dog; and when it was an ascertained fact that he both barked and bit, the population showed him no quarter. All those noble creatures called Vested Interests were up and after him at full cry. Every man who drew a six-

pence from the State coffers, or wished to draw sixpence, or had a cousin desiring to draw sixpence, shrieked and raved. "For a man, himself a functionary, to lay bare the sores of his profession, to hold up abuses to the public eye, to clamour for their cure—Horror! Grief! Scandal!" Unluckily for young Torreau, he had spared nobody. In those letters to the Paris newspapers, he laid about him with the indiscriminating energy and the entire impartiality of youth. His blows fell with terrific thwacks to the right and left of him, upon necks and shoulders, heads and tails. Not a man holding office but had a weal to show; not one but had been excoriated in some tender place by this diabolical and incisive operator. Voted an unmitigated nuisance by the whole official community, he was taxed with the authorship of the letters, and denied them. But this would not do. The letters had attracted notice; they were making the Parisians laugh; the Government were surprised and indignant at them. As for the inhabitants of Tousecrétins, they congregated round the diligence when it came in with the papers from Paris, and grabbed excitedly at the numbers, to see who was the new victim. Under these circumstances, M. de Feucontenu, in the interests of order and morality, felt it binding upon him to take a resolution. To the three hundred and odd postmasters of his department he issued orders that they would examine all parcels "of a suspicious appearance" destined for Paris—that is, all parcels that looked as if they might contain copy. By these means young Torreau's guilt was clearly traced home to him. His signature was there, at the bottom of a letter to the editor. Here was a case of *flagrans delictum*. It was determined to make an example of him.

I should mention cursorily that throughout all the storm of obloquy that raged over young Torreau's misguided head, and throughout all the persecutions that were eventually levelled at him—persecutions in which M. de Feucontenu, my chief, took the leading part, egging on the inert M. Nul, who, certainly, had not originality enough of his own left to persecute anybody—throughout all this troublous time, I say, there were two of us who stuck faithfully by young Torreau, and those two were Raoul de Gardefer and myself. We stuck by him because we had got to like him. We had little fellow-feeling for the knight-errant crusades he had undertaken, like Cervantes' great hero, against

social windmills. Indeed, I, for my part, enter my most distinct protest against any man on this snug earth of ours attempting to reform anything. When I see an abuse flourishing anywhere, I am for having it let alone, until it dies a natural and venerable death; for a long experience has convinced me that as fast as one abuse disappears another springs up in its place, and that—to use the words of a clever Frenchman—"Plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose." But we liked young Torreau, because of his earnestness, and because he was a good fellow. When one saw him stalk in his black clothes through the scared highways of Tousecrétins, with his hands buried in his hind pockets, his eyes fixed on the pavement, and his head evidently cogitating over some telling hit for his next philippic, it was impossible not to feel that here was a fanatic who might be wrong, but who, in taking up the cudgels against Society, was clearly following the road which Nature had marked out for him beforehand as if with a piece of chalk. Then, he was generous: his parsimony only extended to himself. On his own needs he spent next to nothing; but if asked to subscribe to the wants or pleasures of others, he gave handsomely, almost prodigally. Moreover, he was plucky without ostentation. Being dragged into a quarrel,—*à propos* of one of his letters—by an irate individual, who had chosen to consider himself alluded to, he had gone out and stood his adversary's fire; then, when his own turn came to aim, he had said, "You're not worth killing!" and discharged his pistol in the air.

So when we perceived that official displeasure was weaving its net round him and drawing the meshes every day closer, we resolved to make one more attempt to expostulate with him and save him. It was not our second attempt, nor yet our tenth, for we had amicably bantered and cautioned him whenever thrown in his company. But banter he did not understand, and caution was lost upon him. It was only by elasticity of hope that we could expect that he would see his danger more accurately this time, and that we should be more fortunate. We accordingly bent our steps towards the "Lion d'Or."

But we had been forestalled, and by the persons best qualified to pull him out of his pit, if so be he could be pulled out. When we knocked at his door, we found him surrounded by the whole Torreau family in tears: Torreau senior mopping

his face with his handkerchief and holding his hat dismally between his knees; M^{me}. Torreau with her bonnet-strings unfastened and her maternal bosom heaving, whilst her hands grasped one of young Jules's with a sort of entreaty; pretty M^{lle}. Victorine Torreau with her eyes red; and, on various chairs about the room, the uncle in the tailoring way, the other uncle who sold the simili-panamas, and a ripe cluster of maiden aunts. All these worthy people having somehow heard that the hope and pride of their little circle had got himself into hot water, but not knowing, nor able to guess, how that could be, had hurried down in a tremor of anxiety, but with the vague belief that their presence would set everything to rights. They were now adjuring young Jules not to cause them grief and trouble — not to disappoint their long and fondly-cherished hopes of seeing him great and prosperous.

"But really, mother," young Jules was exclaiming, half-impatiently, as Raoul and I crossed the threshold, "one would think I had been committing some great crime to hear the way you talk."

"Oh, gentlemen," said M^{me}. Torreau, after we had been formally introduced, "you must excuse these tears; but we have been so overcome. Our only son, and never given us a day's uneasiness till now!"

"I wouldn't believe it at first," ejaculated Torreau senior, sadly. "Wouldn't believe that Jules had taken to writing in newspapers."

"And against the Government!" continued M^{me}. Torreau.

"Against the Government!" echoed Torreau senior; and in a doleful way he took up some papers lying open on young Jules's desk, and read them for the twentieth time. It seems that one of them was the official reply to that memorable despatch in which young Jules, not yet in his place a week, had stated his candid opinion of his chief, M. Nul; and the others were categorical demands on the part of Government to be told whether or no M. Torreau was the author of certain letters reflecting disparagingly on divers eminent persons and institutions? It turned out that young Jules had given as his final answer that he refused to afford any explanation whatever on this question, which he contended that nobody had any right to put to him. And conformably to his practice, he had argued this last point.

"I am afraid all this will end badly,"

was Torreau senior's desponding commentary, whereat M^{me}. Torreau began to weep anew.

"Oh, my child," pleaded she, "do you not remember, when you won the Great Prize, how I cried for joy; and how, when the people applauded you, I felt so proud and grateful that I could have gone down on my knees and thanked God before everybody for what He was doing for us? And do you not remember how, when we came down the great staircase amidst all your schoolfellows cheering us, my arm trembled on yours, and I whispered in your ear that, heaven willing, you should always stand as high in the esteem of your friends as you did then? Dear child, do not let the dreams we then made for you come to nothing. You are our only hope, darling; you will have pity on our old age, won't you?" And the good lady threw her arms, sobbing, round her son's neck.

"You hear what your mother says, Jules," faltered honest Torreau senior, who was himself fairly upset; and, indeed I think at that moment there were not many dry eyes in the room.

"Come, Torreau," said Raoul de Gardefer, who had been twitching very nervously at his moustache during all this, "we will turn over a new leaf, won't we? This sort of thing doesn't do at our age, old fellow — it really doesn't."

"God bless you, sir!" ejaculated a maiden aunt.

Young Jules was sustaining his mother and kissing her. He was extremely pale; but what his answer would have been none of us ever knew, for at this juncture M^{lle}. Jeannine, the maid, having knocked, entered with a large letter, in a blue envelope, and with a Government seal, which she presented to young Jules.

Then a great silence fell upon everybody, and there also fell, I imagine, a presentiment of evil. We all fixed our eyes apprehensively on the letter. The only cool person in the room was young Jules, who broke the seal.

This is what he read:—

"Ministry of Public Works, Paris.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that, your answers to my despatch of the 21st being pre-eminently unsatisfactory, and your public career, though short, having been marked from the first by an habitual disregard of duty, a flagrant spirit of insubordination, and by the authorship of certain newspaper articles, rendered the more culpable from your persistency in denying them, I have arrived at the conclusion submitted to me by M. Nul,

your chief, and by M. de Feucontenu, the Prefect of Tonscrétins, that you are not fitted for the post with which the Government had entrusted you. I have, therefore, recommended to the Minister of War that your commission should be cancelled, and you cease from this day to be a public servant.

"I have the honour to remain, sir,
 "Your most obedient servant,
 "CASIMIR BARBOTTE,
 "*Minister of Public Works.*"

One might have heard a fly buzz in the room when Jules Torreau, after reading this dismissal, threw it down upon the table. The melancholy pause was broken by Mme. Torreau, who dried her eyes and said, "My child, your sister and I will go and throw ourselves at the Emperor's feet, and ask him to forgive you."

IV.

BUT young Jules was definitely overboard, and no mother's tears or supplications could avail to reinstate him. We lost sight of him. Like a meteor, he had flashed for a brief space over our benighted town of Tonscrétins, and like a meteor he disappeared, leaving behind him for a while a luminous trail in the shape of many grudges glowing in the breasts of such personages as he had frightened. But by-and-by, for want of further causes of resentment to feed them, these grudges flickered out. Men are too busy nowadays to hate long — our passions, like our affairs, go railway pace. So Jules was forgotten, and few amongst his former friends or foes knew, or cared to know, that the caustic writer who began about that time to take a lead in the opposition press, under the pseudonym of Maillotin, and whose articles grew daily more vigorous, more violent, and, — must one add it? — more unreasonable, was the same as the young engineer who had broken his first lances by tilting at M. Nul. I, for my part, had let the fact almost slip from my memory, so true is it that friends to keep in mind must keep in sight, when I was put in remembrance of it by being unexpectedly brought into contact with my old acquaintance, in the spring of the present twelvemonth.

Some six or seven years had elapsed since our last meeting, and our poor France was woefully altered. But events had wrought in her greater changes than time. The Second Empire, and its abuses, had been swept away, and we were now living under the Commune de Paris, which was to do away altogether with abuses, or import new ones of its own, people

were not yet quite clear which. Of the persons present at that family scene in the garret of the "Lion d'Or," two at least were in their graves — the excellent M. and Mme. Torreau, who, I fancy, owed their ends to something subtler than the ailments which human doctors can cure. Mdle. Victorine had been married by her brother, not to a husband who, like herself, had "cent mille livres de dot," but to Celestin Goubarbe, her father's apprentice, who had not got a penny. Raoul de Gardefer became a colonel, war and valour aiding, was besieging the capital with the Versailles troops, and I — but never mind about myself. Suffice it to say that I was in Paris, and not quite certain whether my opinions were likely to secure me a long enjoyment of freedom under the peculiar kind of liberty we were inaugurating.

It was a lovely April morning, the sky so blue and speckless, the sun so golden, the breath of the air so balmy, that everything seemed possible in such weather — everything but civil strife, which struck one as a sacrilege. The streets were alive and gay with colours; battalions trooping with their scarlet facings, blue képis, and flashing bayonets. Artillery lumbering gaily over the paving-stones, with the men seated by threes on the gun-carriages, smoking and shouting to one another. Along the roads workmen arm-in-arm, and six in a line, with cartridge-boxes round their waists and rifles slung over their shoulders, singing and cheering when a battalion passed, or waving their caps when some communal chieftain, not over firmly seated on his charger, cantered by smiling, and doing his best to look as if he were not holding on by the pommel. Most of the shops closed. On the walls large and beautifully printed white proclamations, headed, "République Française — Commune de Paris." And beside them red ones, more shabbily printed, and issuing from the Comité Central of the National Guard. From the roof of one house in every twenty, and from five windows out of a hundred, fluttered lazily the crimson banner of the Insurrection — a dashing standard enough if it had not signified fire and carnage — and over the church doors, now closed, beamed the words, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." As a grim and ironical commentary to these mottoes, cannon booming faintly in the distance, and ambulance-waggons passing every now and then through the streets slowly, and loaded with wounded.

"I should do much better not to go

out," said my friends, as I was putting on my hat; but friends always speak in this strain, and after walking about for an hour unmolested, I was reflecting how extremely wise I had been not to follow their advice. Just then I was in the Place Vendôme, having been taking a look at the column which my morning paper had informed me was doomed, and emerging into the Rue Castiglione, was about to cross the road, when the clatter of hoofs became audible, and a goodly cavalcade burst in sight. It turned out to be the Citoyen Quelquechose, member of the Commune, and Generalissimo of something, riding somewhere, in gaudy apparel, accompanied by his morganatic spouse, and a brilliant staff. Of course, the central figure of the picture was the morganatic spouse. She was riding a handsome charger—a white one—probably requisitioned from the ex-imperial stables, and cut as brave a figure as could be wished in her blue habit, silver-laced jacket, and white fur busby with red egret. As the whole procession filed past at an amble, she heading it by a neck, she gave a little toss of her comely head, and slightly lowered her eyes on me, evidently expecting to be bowed to. I lifted my hat with pleasure, musing as I did so, that if the Commune de Paris did nothing worse than dress up pretty women in fancy costume, there was no very great objection to be taken against it. But when it came to be a question of saluting the tag-rag and bobtail staff, who jolted behind like so many sacks perched on saddles, and answering their cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" I thought my philosophy had gone far enough, and I walked on with my hat on my head and my tongue silent.

"Hullo there!" shouted a workman behind me, who had been a spectator of the whole incident and was scandalized, "just you stop; you never cried '*Vive la Commune!*'"

"No, I really did not," was my answer.

"Then just do so," said he with a beery hiccough, and laying his hand on my sleeve.

I shook myself free.

"Suppose you mind your own business, citizen."

"Mind my own business!" he yelled. "I like that. Hi! citizens, here's a traitor, a Versaillais, an agent of Bismarck's! He cries, 'Down with the Republic!'"

In a trice I was surrounded. At the most peaceful of times it requires but a few seconds to collect a Parisian mob, but

in times of war or rebellion the mobs seem to spring from the pavement ready made and ready howling.

"A Versaillais! a traitor! to prison with him!" was the cry; and I was immediately apprehended, jostled and pushed forward, a squad of street-boys protesting energetically against the waste of time involved in the conveyal of me to prison, and suggesting I should be shot there and then as a wholesome warning.

Now this may be amusing enough to write about at three months' distance, but it was not particularly funny then; and I began to perceive, as my captors hurried me along with more haste than ceremony, that I had got myself into an awkward predicament. It was then, that raising my eyes by a providential chance, they lit upon a placard on which were the names of all the members of the Commune, and conspicuous amongst those names, that of Jules Maillotin. "Surely," thought I, "this Maillotin must be the same as my old friend Jules Torreau;" and without pausing to meditate whether my old friend would prove to be still as fraternally disposed towards me as I was towards him,—for it is not only princes who turn cold shoulders on old but inconvenient acquaintances—I cried in a firm voice: "Citizens, I demand to be taken before the Citizen Maillotin." "If Torreau's memory be short," murmured I to myself, "I shall probably be shot; but nothing venture nothing have."

The beery citizen, who was clutching tight hold of me by the neckcloth, as much I fancy to steady himself as to drag me, stopped and said: "You know the Citizen Maillotin?"

"He knows the Citizen Maillotin!" echoed another citizen behind, who had been tranquilly exploring my pockets.

An enthusiastic female Republican had rid me of my handkerchief, and tied it round her neck. She threw it back to me, and said: "If you are a friend of Maillotin's they won't harm you; if you're not—*cou-ic!*" and with a forefinger she made a graceful gesture of passing a knife across her throat.

"We'll take him to the Hôtel-de-Ville," chorussed all the citizens together; and to the Hôtel-de-Ville we went.

I need not, I think, stop to describe this interesting edifice, which has since been offered up as a sacrifice to the genius of democracy; but I would remark that those who missed seeing the Hôtel-de-Ville whilst it was in the possession of the Commune, have lost something for which no

sight either in this or the next generation is likely to compensate them. It was pleasant and unique—a thing to see if only to acquire an idea of the manner in which human nature will disport itself when allowed to go its own ways. There were no doubt curious things to be seen at the Hotel-de-Ville in '48 and '93. But on both of those former auspicious occasions, when the world was turned upside down, there was some sort of cohesion, some discipline, some order amidst the general hash, which kept matters going with an appearance of ship-shape. But nothing of that sort this time. Here we had the genuine article—democracy pure, each man his own king, and declining to render obedience to anybody or anything under any pretext whatever. To tell the truth, I think when we begin to accept democracy, we had better go the whole length at once; there is something logical and elevating in the position which seduces one. In the first courtyard, going in, I heard a captain call to one of his men, and say it was time for him to come and mount guard; and the man answered that he would come presently, when he had finished his game of picquet. In a vestibule another captain was giving himself a brush down, whilst half his company lolled around him on the floor in easy attitudes, and apparently much amused to see the efforts their chief was making to reach a particular speck of mud situated in the small of his back, and not attainable by the brush. On the grand staircase, resplendent with marble and gilt bronze, I was much pleased to see a frugal housewife seated and shelling haricot-beans into a basin. Of course, she would have been much more comfortable shelling her beans at home, and probably felt it; but then this would not have been Republican. The moment you have free institutions, the Municipal Palace evidently becomes the proper place to shell beans in. This is self-evident.

"We want the Citizen Maillotin," hiccupped my beery captor for the twentieth time, as we trudged all together into the State apartments.

"You'll find him in one of the rooms somewhere," answered a citizen in a blouse, who was scratching his name with a pin on one of M. Baury's moral paintings.

"There—through that door," bawled another, recumbent on a rosewood table: "I saw him go in an hour ago," and in another moment I was standing in a sumptuous chamber, which I remembered as a supper-room when Prefect Haussmann was

still reigning and gave those famous balls of his. At a table, which must many a time have groaned under the weight of iced pails of Clicquot, truffled pasties, golden fruit-vases, and other products of a pampered civilization, my old friend Jules Torreau, in a uniform of officer of the National Guard, was seated, writing.

He shaded his eyes with his hand, looked at me a moment, and said, recognizing me, "Ha, Blamont, this is a surprise!"

It was the same smileless face, quick but quiet way, and penetrating expression of the eyes; and it was also the same grasp; for he shook hands with me as he had done on the day when Rioul de Gardefer and I had accompanied him to the diligence to see him starting on his exile and cheer him. Perhaps the grasp was even rather warmer and longer.

"Then you know this individual?" cried the beery citizen, who, to make some kind of amends for having half-throttled me, began fumbling my shirt-front with his hands, setting my cravat to rights, and trying to make me look reputable.

"Yes, I know him, and will answer for him under any circumstances. This Torreau said, without so much as knowing of what I was accused; but he reiterated his declaration when my crime was explained to him, and vouched for my being neither this nor that, nor anything else likely to injure the Sovereign People.

"Then we'll put it down that nothing has taken place, Citizen," said the beery Republican, shoving out a paw for me to shake. "*Vive la Commune! Vive le Citoyen Maillotin!*"

The cheers were taken up with tremendous energy by the citizens behind, who repeated them again and again. They even overdid it, and waxed prodigal of their own breath. But it was over at last, and with one cheer more for everybody in general not connected with reactionary machinations, they departed, treading on one another's heels, and leaving me alone with Torreau.

"Well," said I, turning to him, gratefully, "I may consider that I owe you a heavy debt."

"Oh, no," he replied, carelessly; "they would not have hurt you. They are a little rough, but very good fellows, and perfectly honest."

"Yes, honest enough," I answered, noticing, for the first time, that my pocket-book was missing.

"The people have been systematically maligned," continued Torreau. "It has been the interest of those who kept them

under foot to paint them as brute beasts; but they are better than their oppressors."

"I hear that you are one of the leading spirits of this movement," I remarked, to change the subject.

"I am but a soldier in a great cause," said he shortly. There was something of the suppressed exultation of the fanatic in his tone. "Why do you look at me so gravely?" he added. "You have something you wish to say: you think I am riding with the wrong party?"

I suppose my look must have said more than my tongue, for he took me by the arm, led me towards the window, and, with a rapid gesture in the direction of some National Guardsmen, whom we could see cleaning their rifles in the square below, said, "See, there is a people who have been oppressed and enslaved ever since this country was an inhabited land. Their lot has been to bend the neck, to wallow, and to shed their blood, and that is all. In order that successive dynasties of kings might feast more richly, and carry their heads higher, these poor devils—famished, and beaten, and kept in the brutish belief that their kings were men of different clay to themselves—have fought that ghastly roll of battles which constitutes the history of France during fifteen centuries. One day the people rose and smashed the throne. Its pieces were picked up and nailed together again. They smashed it a second time, with a like result; and again a third. Three times the nation, after breaking its chains, was refettered; and now that once more we have broken our shackles, there are men who want to re-forge them and bind us anew. But we have had enough of it. France is not to be eternally bandied about, and ridden like a hack-mule by Bonapartes, Bourbons, and Orleanists, one after the other. The people will be their own masters now: work, study, live at peace, and be free. This is what we want, and all we want. What have you to say against us?"

He looked at me hungrily for a reply; but I had no time to give it, for a man with ink on his fingers and a pen in his mouth opened the door, and cried, "Citizen Maillotin, there's to be a sitting of the Commune. Are you coming?"

"Will you accompany me?" asked Torreau, evidently expecting that I was going to refuse. But I accepted. The sittings of the Commune were at that time open to only a very few privileged spectators, amongst whom no reporters were

admitted. Torreau affirmed that he could pass me in, *if I liked*, laying a certain stress upon those words, as if he were not very certain that the proceedings would edify me. But I clung to my resolution; so that, having donned his insignia of office—a brilliant red sash with a gold fringe, which he girt around his waist—he walked out after the man with the pen and I followed him.

Along two or three corridors, and through a succession of chambers, all bearing more or less marks of the people's love of quiet work, study, and the rest of it, Torreau and I wended our way till we found ourselves facing the door of the ancient council-room, thronging around which were a number of men with fixed bayonets, who were lamentably unwashed, but who seemed to be acting as a guard of honour. They let us both through without asking questions, and in we marched.

Long before reaching the door our ears had been greeted by the yelping voice of a citizen, who was speaking under the effects of strong excitement or strong alcohol, and this gentleman was still on his legs when we were admitted to the view of him. The scene was made up of a long oval table, covered with a scarlet cloth, and surrounded by fifty-three scarlet chairs, about two-thirds of which were occupied. On the table, inkstands, pens, and paper for the use of the few, water-bottles, tumblers, and sugar-basins for the refreshment of the many. Hanging on the walls, superb picture-frames bereft of their canvases—ex-portraits of ex-potentates become exiles. At one end of the room a monster, and, from an artistic point of view, monstrous statue of the Republic, by a sculptor, name unknown; and behind this statue, a panoply of crimson flags, with the rather sinister inscription on a scroll, "GUERRE AUX TYRANS!" On a row of chairs near the fretted marble chimney-piece, some half-dozen strangers, brought in, like myself, by members, and sitting dumb as fish.

Now, I had in my time frequented more than one popular assembly, and gathered the amusement that may generally be got out of those places of entertainment. Especially had I visited what are termed in Paris democratic socialist club debates, and had found enough to laugh at for a whole week after each visit. But this time it was quite another story. What were empty words at the club, were words that might be followed by deeds here; for the men who talked held a city of two million inhabitants in their hands, and were free

to put into practice all or any of the amusing theories that might pass through their heads. So I took my seat in no great humour for merriment, but chiefly concerned to learn *de visu* who and what the men of the Commune were. I also hoped from my heart of hearts that I might be enabled to change my preconceived opinions respecting some of them; but I cannot say this hope was fulfilled.

The members kept sauntering in every other minute with a leisurely gait, as if they were entering a café. Most of them were in uniforms profusely laced, and one had only to look at their faces for a single moment to gauge the whole truth of the Communal movement, its prospects, and its true signification. There was no Republicanism here — no, not so much as would have filled a nutshell. It was not equality he cared for, that limber workman, who had never worn out a set of tools, and who sat down making great play with his right hand, to show off an enormous diamond ring which had somehow got there. Not fraternity that had ever troubled him, that pale, swaggering, literary Bohemian, grown sour in writing books which nobody could read, and starting papers that no one would ever buy; and who came in, fanning himself ostentatiously with a cambric handkerchief redolent with musk at twenty yards off. As for liberty, it was not difficult to guess the definition which those gentlemen would give of that, the day when liberty began to criticize their little acts or clash with their little interests. A citizen whom I had heard of as most hot in favour of press freedom in the private journalist phase of his existence, proposed, in my hearing, that all newspapers should be suppressed except those conducted by members of the Commune, that is, his own and somebody else's, and I should be wrong if I were to state that this motion was received with any tokens of disfavour. That there were a few earnest men amongst the number nobody will gainsay. Jules Torreau was earnest, earnest and disinterested; and he had three or four congenial backers. But I think when we have said four we shall have gone as far as truth will allow. As for the rest, I may be misjudging them, but can only say that if they were zealous patriots devoted to their country's good, and with souls exempt from selfish musings, this did not show either in their looks or their costume, and least of all in their sentiments.

But I must do the Commune this justice — their deliberations were not wordy.

The Citizen with the yelping voice spoke about ten minutes, and proved to be less excited than his manner implied; but after him spoke a number of his colleagues, who were content with their hundred words or so a-piece — strange abstemiousness, which first opened my eyes to the expeditious character of debates conducted in the absence of reporters. By the time the tenth spokesman had relieved his mind, most of the members had arrived, and some more spectators with them, so that the room was tolerably full. Amongst the last comers were the Generalissimo whom I had met in the morning, and whom equestrian exercise seemed to have made a little stiff, and his pretty morganatic spouse, who did me the honour of accepting the seat I offered her.

"Allow me to compliment you on your riding, Citoyenne," I remarked by way of saying something.

"Ah, yes," she answered, with a little pout, "riding is better than stewing here. *On s'embête ici à quarante sous par tête.*"

"Do you ever speak?"

"Sometimes, when they pitch into Alphonse" (Alphonse was the Generalissimo).

"He has not got much of a head, Alphonse hasn't; so that when D. or P. or one of those gets jowling with him, he stands no chance unless I get up and take his part. It's against rules, and they cry to me to sit down, but I don't care for that."

"Of course not."

"No. The other day they wouldn't hear me, so I screamed till they did. It was that small fellow there with the grey beard, who had got hold of Alphonse, and was soaping his head for him, because Alphonse had lost two guns in his last sortie. Said I to him, 'If you'd had ten guns, you'd have lost them; and if you'd had twenty, you'd have lost them; and if you ever get a hundred you lose them; so there!'"

"And what did he say?"

"He was shut up; there was nothing to answer. Oh, I never stand nonsense, I don't, especially from such as he. Why, he's a dog-clipper; used to cut dogs' ears and tails and their hair. There's a trade for a man! When I was in the Quartier Latin, I used to pass him every morning as I went over the Pont des Arts with my work. But there, it's too bad, I declare; they've got hold of Alphonse again. I say, there, Citizen" (and she rose, extending her small white gloved hand with a riding-whip in it), "I wish you'd let the General alone. Why can't you hit some one else? You had your fling at him last time."

"Will you hold your tongue, Citoyenne?" angrily shouted the member who was presiding—the journalist D., no pleasant man to deal with, silent, gloomy, and cold, a Republican every inch.

"No, I shan't," retorted the Citoyenne, "until the Citizen Faggeaux holds his. What does he tell lies for?"

"Lies!" screamed the Citizen Faggeaux. "I'll prove 'em!"

"This sort of thing is disgraceful," exclaimed Jules Torreau, striking the table with his fist and biting his lips. "Citoyenne," he added, in a tone of voice much sharper and shriller than I should have expected of him, "the next time you interrupt the debates, I shall move that you be forbidden the room. You are not at the Bal Bullier, but in a National Assembly."

"It was he who began," said the Citoyenne, sulkily, but a little cowed, for Jules Torreau seemed to exercise more prestige than anybody.

"Began or not began, you have no right to open your mouth," continued Torreau, excitedly; "and as for you, Citizen Podevin, I think you will feel it your duty soon to explain to the Commune how you came by your generalship. In the first hours of the insurrection a great many citizens seem to have created titles for themselves, and you are probably one of them. Nothing in your former profession fitted you for the part you wish to play, and this is no child's game we are engaged in. You have made three sorties, and been routed with loss. You have human lives to account for."

"I'm a general," exclaimed M. Podevin, in alarm and doggedly. "I will be a general."

"You are always bullying Alphonse," ejaculated the Citoyenne, with flashing eyes.

"Sit down, Thérèse," mumbled the Generalissimo.

"Well, it comes to this," proceeded Torreau, with firmness. "If we are to entrust our fate to everybody who thinks himself a soldier, our defence will last just a fortnight. We cannot help some civilians becoming generals, for the military men amongst us are few; but we can take our precautions against incapable men soliciting high posts for the idle gratification of their vanity. I shall, therefore, propose that every commander who is repulsed or loses guns shall be tried by court-martial, and, pending the sentence, be kept imprisoned."*

* This law was afterwards passed by the Commune and very stringently executed.

The Citizen Podevin made a most ugly face, and so did a few of his belaced colleagues; but the general sense of the meeting was with Torreau. Seeing this, Torreau stood up and said: "As an engineer I know what resistance can be offered by this fortified city if we are resolute and united and do our duty. But it is not only against incapable generals we have to guard; we must root up that spirit of vanity which is the foundation of every form of weakness and the mainspring of all bad actions. As a nation we have always been too fond of spangled clothes and empty titles: it is for us now, who are Republicans, to set the example of self-amendment. I would have a general dress like his soldiers, eat of their food, sleep on the same hard bed as they, and be distinguished from them only by his greater valour and superior learning."

A few of Torreau's friends intimated a grim and hearty assent, but this time the general sense of the meeting did not follow the orator. The citizens who wore embroidered tunics, gold sword-belts, and braided képis, looked at one another and then at their clothes, as though to ask what was the use of being under a Republic if such clothes and such men were not allowed to air themselves together. And this prevailing opinion found vent on this occasion through the mouth of the Citizen Christophe Bilia, an old acquaintance of mine of club celebrity, who replied with a not dissatisfied glance at his own bright raiment: "Under the Roman Republic, citizen generals did not dress like their soldiers. When they returned home in triumph after victory their costumes were of incomparable richness, and they even stained their faces purple."

"The world has not been marching onward for two thousand years, for us to imitate the mummeries of the ancients," was Torreau's answer, shot back like a dart from a bow. "Besides, you are talking of Rome in her decline. When Rome was a Republic her generals guided the plough like Cincinnatus."

The Citizen Christophe Bilia would have been glad to make a reply, but his classical education had been a little neglected, and he could only exclaim that one should look at a Republican's soul and not his trousers. The discussion was, however, prevented from going further by the entry of a messenger who came in with a despatch from Neuilly and handed it to the President D. This gentleman opened it and read aloud:—

"NEUILLY.—The Versailles troops came in great force to the outermost barricade this morning, and after two hours' fighting dislodged us. We lost two hundred killed and wounded and four hundred prisoners, also one mitrailleuse and four field pieces. The men are much discouraged and complain that we are always left to fight the enemy at unequal odds. We stand in great need of reinforcements.

"THE GENERAL NONPLUSKI."

There was a moment's silence, and then the President said: "I suppose we had better edit this in the usual way for the public," and he amended the despatch as follows:—

"NEUILLY.—The Royalist hordes came in great force to the outermost barricade this morning and were victoriously repulsed after two hours' hard fighting. Their losses are five hundred killed and wounded and seven hundred prisoners, also two mitrailleuses and eight field-pieces. Our own losses are three men slightly wounded. The Royalists are greatly discouraged, but amongst our men the warmest enthusiasm prevails. They routed the enemy to the cry of 'VIVE LA COMMUNE.'

"THE GENERAL NONPLUSKI."

"Well," said I, as half an hour later I was taking leave of Torreau at the door of the Hôtel-de-Ville, after he had obligingly given me a passport which would guarantee me against further molestation, "I suppose it will be of no more use for me to argue with you now than it used to be seven years ago?"

He shook his head.

"Why argue? Justice is on our side. We ask for no more than we have a right to."

"It is not your demands, Torreau, but your way of making them."

"Sword in hand?" and his eye gleamed. "I tell you that nothing was ever wrested from the iron-handed classes but at the sword's point. Then, the opportunity led us on. When, again, should we have a hundred thousand working-men armed? But this is only the beginning. We have been beaten as yet. At our first victory all the great cities of France will rise and rally round us."

"And if the victory should not come?"

"Oh, then——" He turned his eyes full on me, and touching his breast with a slight, simple gesture, said: "I have sacrificed my life beforehand, if that is what you mean."

Honest Torreau! Your motives have been weighed by this time in higher courts than those where human judges sit. You have been arraigned and have pleaded.

And surely in that Great Book where the final verdict on men's lives is inscribed, an Arbiter more impartial than we has written: Not Guilty.

V.

The gloomy drama of the Second Siege of Paris continued—its termination being not hard to foresee, its incidents becoming daily more interesting to watch, as the insurgents at bay saw the death circle growing closer each hour around them, and recognized that there was no path of escape. I followed with painful anxiety my friend Torreau's course during this wretched time, perceived him losing his hold of the shaggy multitude who had never but in a very half-hearted way deferred to the guidance of him and his moderate friends; and I heard of him struggling to the end with a sort of desperation, that the reins might not altogether slip from his hands. It was noticed that none of the decrees relating to executions or demolitions, or arbitrary arrests, bore his signature. He would have had his revolution be blameless. He said so, repeated it, found accents of wildest eloquence in which to adjure his colleagues not to disgrace the cause for which they were fighting; and, as invariably happens, when men will not let themselves be carried along by the torrent which they have let loose, lost his popularity, was accused of being lukewarm, then a traitor, and at last could no longer open his mouth without having the foulest insults flung into his teeth. I used to see caricatures of him in the Communal comic prints, representing him gibbeted or set in a pillory; that noble organ, the *Père Duchêne*, clamoured that he might be shot; and one day I met him, looking so fagged, care-worn and despondent, that pale as I had always known him in other times, he now seemed but the ghost of his former self.

"You must resign," I said: "the movement has got beyond your control. People must not be able to fix any part of the responsibility of what is being done now, or will be done, on you."

"No," answered he sadly, but resolutely, "I must remain till the catastrophe. I cast in my lot with the movement; I have no right to abandon it in its last hours. Perhaps I may be able to do some good—prevent some evil, I mean, that is the most I can expect now."

I endeavoured to shake his resolution, and alluded, amongst other things, to the hostages, whom the insurgent sheets were threatening every morning with death.

He stopped me agitatedly, and exclaimed: "You must not believe that. Oh, great God! no, it would be too horrible! Those men talk worse than they mean. No Frenchman would do that," and he pressed his hand to his forehead.

Almost immediately he added, with some eagerness: "I was able to save two hostages. I got them liberated before it was known to the papers that they had been arrested, else I should never have been able to manage it."

"Who were they?"

He hesitated before replying, and coloured slightly as he did so: "Two old friends, or old foes of mine, who happened to be in Paris: M. de Feucontenu and M. Nul."

This was the last time but one that I saw him. The last time of all was some ten days later, in the closing week of May. The Versailles troops had been in Paris since the Sunday evening, and were already masters of more than half the town. Who that saw it can ever forget that week? The unspeakable horror of the battles in the streets, the resistance, the massacres, and, worse than all, those appalling fires that turned the sky to a blood-red over the distracted city, and made people think that the end of time itself was at hand! The quarter in which I lived was one of the first to be taken. Bullets and shells crashed past our windows, carrying away great fragments of balconies, huge masses of stone, and reducing many houses to a condition of smoking ruins. It was only by a sort of miracle that the particular roof under which I was sheltered was spared; and when I say spared, I simply mean that it was left standing. As to its condition, it looked as if it had stood an entire siege by itself. When I was told that I might at length go out without being taken between two fires, I descended, and found the threshold of our *porte-cochère* covered with a great pool of blood, which the porter's wife was going to wash away with buckets of water and mop; and—ghastly and never-to-be-forgotten sight—three men sitting in a row, cold and stark, propped up by the porter's door, and with great holes in their faces and chests, showing where bullets had struck them. They had been shot in our very yard, for trying to burn the house, and, in fact, the whole street. The porter had then seated them in a row, in order, he said, to act as a warning. Just outside the house a woman stretched out on her face dead. Further on, eleven men in one red heap. At the street cor-

ner, corpses in such number that a pile of them had been made on each side of the roadway to allow people room to pass between. The mud in this roadway was purple, and the walls were spattered with blood, as if it had been done with a brush.

I hurried on and saw a public-house, which was deserted. A bullet had struck the owner, a woman, behind her pewter counter, and she sat with half her body extended over it and her arms hanging down. In her fall she had upset a copper pitcher of wine which crimsoned the floor. In this house there was a birdcage with a bulfinch in it. The cage had had no harm, and the bulfinch was singing.

Coming to an open place where four roads met, a sentinel cried to me to pass to the left. On the right were the remnants of a barricade that had held out for six hours, and in front of that barricade, 127 dead bodies, heaped up into a hillock. On the top of this heap was stretched out, stiff and white, a woman in a riding-habit, and with her long silky hair horribly dragged by a wound which had carried half her forehead away. It was the young mistress of the General or Citizen Podevin, whom I had met in such spirits and beauty a few weeks before; and the Citizen Podevin himself I saw lying dead close to her.

All this was so abominably shocking that I fled forward, looking neither to the right or left of me. What I wanted was to find Torreau, to offer him shelter, and keep him hidden until he should be safe, or until he could find means of leaving the country. He had given me his address, which was a good two miles from mine, but in the quieter part of the town, so that I had a hope that no great resistance had been offered there, and that the soldiers would, consequently, be less ferocious than where I lived.

In this I was not altogether disappointed. The quarter had been attacked the same day as ours, but there had been few barricades. However, I did not find Torreau at his house. He had not been seen there since early the day before. "You had better look for him at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*," said his *conciërge*, with some irony in his tone; and I took his advice to this extent, that I set off towards the Rue de Rivoli. "If I am to find him, chance will help me," I reasoned.

Chance did help me. I had not gone half a mile when Torreau came running almost against me down a small slum leading out from a main street. His hair had turned grey. In his right hand he held a

revolver, and round his waist shone his scarlet sash.

I thought he was flying from pursuers, and exclaimed,—"Good God! take that sash off and throw your revolver away. Here, take my arm, quick!"

"No, no, leave me," he cried wildly. "You see what it has come to." (He was gesticulating in a frenzy of exaltation.) "They've butchered, burned, plundered—they, the men of the Commune! They've dishonoured the Republic! France's curse will be upon them for ever—and on me! Let me go, I say! I won't outlive it. Let me go!"

I clung to him as he was bolting; closed with him, and tried to wrench the revolver from his hand. But he resisted with desperation. "Let me go," he shrieked. "Don't be mad!" I cried. "You've no right to throw away your life. Torreau! Jules! for God's sake, man, have pity on yourself and on me." He sobbed in anguish and resisted the more. I could feel his hot tears dropping on my hands as I forced his arm up, and strove, by exerting all my strength, to make him loosen his hold. "Quick, Torreau! man, I implore you," I gasped, for the tramping sound of soldiers running at a double, suddenly became audible. He set his teeth and continued to grasp the weapon tighter. I clenched my fist, lifted my arm, and struck him sharply under the elbow. The revolver dropped. But it was too late. A company of cavalry soldiers, with an officer at their head, debouched suddenly on our left, and, in a ringing voice, the officer cried, "Stand!"

The officer was Raoul de Gardefer. He recognized Jules Torreau on the spot, and Torreau recognized him. Of the two,

one turned pale, and that one was not Jules Torreau.

The soldiers had already drawn themselves up in a double line, and had loaded their rifles. Raoul de Gardefer could not have saved his former friend if he had gone down on his knees to do it. The soldiers bore carnage in their eyes. Besides, the case was hopeless. Jules' sash was still upon him, and waving his hat above his head, three times he shouted, "*Vive la Commune!*"

This done, he threw his hat, with an appeased look, on the ground, put his back to the wall and crossed his arms on his chest. The soldiers rapped the butt-ends of their rifles on the paving-stones, as if to call on their officer to be quick.

Raoul de Gardefer stepped aside and opened his lips—once, twice—but without speaking. He was ghastly white.

Then Torreau looked at him.

And seeing his lips quiver, something like a flush of emotion stole over Torreau's face; and for the first time since I had known him a faint smile lit up his features.

He slightly bent his head towards Raoul. It was the homage of a dying man to a man who had pitied him.

Then he faced the soldiers again, drew himself to his full height, and in a clear fine voice, without a quaver in it, gave the word of command himself:—"Attention!" he cried. "Make ready. Present," and as twelve rifles rose to a level with his chest, he shouted for the last time,—" *Vive la République!*"

"*C'est égal,*" said one of the soldiers, with a look at the body. "*C'était un brave.*"

A DEGENERATE SON.—Among recent deaths in Germany there is announced that of a man whose character and career supplies a curious commentary on the principles of "hereditary genius"—the eldest son of Wilhelm von Humboldt. He had in common with his father and uncle both name and wealth, but besides this absolutely nothing. He was all his life long—and a long life of seventy-five years it was—what is called in Germany a "sonderling," which in his case meant more than our "queer fish." Among the various feats whereby he laid claim to distinction among his contemporaries

must be reckoned his spending his last twenty years or so exclusively in bed, although endowed with the most vigorous health, and not even being able to impair it by this long-drawn-out freak. As to the rest of his career, all that can be said of this small scion of a great house is, that he was proprietor of the estate of Ottmachu in Silesia, a very fine and large property, which had been given to his father as a reward for his services to the Prussian state. Also that his death took place in Berlin, and that he was buried at Regel, the sepulchre of his great namesake.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE DESCRIPTIVE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

THE greatest world of Poetry and the most varied has been built up by the English nation. It began with Caedmon long ago on the wild headland of Whitby, and was "of the grace of God," and the first song it sung was of things divine. Then it sang of battles and the wrath of men, of old romance, of monkish evils, and by and by of the social and political movements, "of the passions and feelings of rural and provincial England," by a voice which came, not like that of Chaucer, from the court and castle, but from the rude villages which clustered round the Malvern Hills. At last in Chaucer it came to sing of men.

The first excellence of Chaucer, an excellence unapproached save by Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare different in kind, was the immense range of his human interest and his power of expressing with simplicity and directness the life of man. His second excellence, and it was an excellence new to English poetry, was his exquisite appreciation and description of certain phases of natural beauty. With him began that descriptive poetry of England, which, passing through many stages, has reached in our century its most manifold development. For as the English Painters have created the art of landscape, so have its Poets more than those of all other nations described the beauty of the natural world. No work, by any people, has ever been done so well. We have passed from the conventional landscape of Chaucer to the allegorical landscape of Spenser. The epic landscape of Milton, varied with ease into lighter forms in the Pastoral and the Lyric, was followed by the landscape of Gray and Collins, a landscape where nature was subordinated to man and to mortality. Beattie, Logan, and others infused a somewhat sickly sentiment into their natural descriptions, and nature was still unhonoured by a special worship till Cowper began to speak his simple words about her, and Burns, though with a limited range, described her glory in the lover's eye. Then arose the great natural school, which loved Nature for her own sake. One after another, with unparalleled swiftness of production and variety of imagery, with astonishing individuality, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats sang of the mountains and skies, of the sea and woods, of streams and moor and flowers. The landscape of Scott was accurate, rich in colour, and romantic in

note; the landscape of Coleridge, few as were its pictures, was conceived with passion and of a great range; the landscape of Byron was largely composed and of delightful clearness and force; the landscape of Shelley was transcendental, and he alone finds an analogy in the ideal pictures of Turner; but none have grasped with so much realism and yet with so much spirituality, with such clearness and with such passion, as Wordsworth and Keats—Keats in this point being only inferior as an undeveloped artist—the aspects and the beauty of the natural world.

The subject of this paper is the rise of this descriptive poetry in the poems of Chaucer. I shall leave out, in discussing his work, that which is best in it: the delineation of human character; the close way in which passion is grasped; the tender, yet sometimes broad humour—broad from very healthiness of nature—which makes his pages so delightful and so human.

I shall confine myself to those portions of his poems which are directly descriptive of natural scenery, or of such additions to the landscape as the scent of flowers, the song of birds, and the pleasant noise of streams, things which appeal to other senses than the eye, and form part of a poetical—though not of a painted—landscape.

The landscape of Chaucer is sometimes taken from the Italian and sometimes from the French landscape. It possesses almost always the same elements differently mixed up in different poems: a May morning—the greenwood, or a garden—some clear running water—meadows covered with flowers—some delectable place or other with an arbour laid down with soft and fresh-cut turf. There is no sky, except in such rapid allusions as this, "Bright was the day and blue the firmament;" no cloud studies; no conception of the beauty of wild nature.

His range, therefore, is extremely limited, but within the limits his landscape is exquisitely fresh, natural, and true in spite of its being conventional. The fact is, though the elements of the scenery were ready made, the composition of them gave great scope to originality, and Chaucer being a man of unique individuality, could not adopt the landscape even of those poems which he translated without making alterations; and being an Englishman, could not write about the May morning without introducing its English peculiarities. Moreover, the delightful and simple familiarity of the poet

with the meadows, brooks, and birds, and his love of them, has the effect of making every common aspect of nature new; the May morning is transfigured by his enjoyment of it; the grass of the field is seen as those in Paradise beheld it; the dew lies on our heart as we go forth with the poet in the dawning, and the wind blows past our ear like the music of an old song heard in the days of childhood. Half this power lies in the sweet simplicity of the words and in the pleasant flowing of the metre.

"The Romaunt of the Rose" will give us the favourite landscape of French mediæval poetry. The poem was written by two men, William of Lorris, and John of Meun, the latter carrying on the task of the former. Chaucer translated all the work done by William, and a sixth part of the additional work. With the poem itself we have nothing to do, but it opens with the accredited French landscape. One morning in May, the month of love, the lover dreams that he rises early and goes out of the town to hear the song of the birds in "the fair blossomed boughs."

He begins with a delightful burst of joy in the coming of the May, the time of love and jollity, when the earth waxeth proud with the sweet dews that on it fall, and the birds escaped from winter are so glad for the brightness of the sun that they must show the blitheness of their hearts in singing.

"Hard is his hert that loveth nought
In May, when al this mirth is wrought;
When he may on these braunches hear
The smale briddes syngen clere
Her bleful swete song piteous
And in this season deyltous
When Love affraieth al thing."

He rises in his dream, and listening to the birds, comes to a river, swiftly running—

"For from an hille that stood ther nere,
Came down the streme full stiff and bold,
Clear was the water and as cold
As any well is."

He is "wonder glad" to see this lusty place and the river, and stoops down to wash his face in the clear running water. He sees the bottom paved with gravel, full of beautiful stones. The meadow comes right down to the water-side, soft, sweet, and green. The morning tide is clear, and the air temperate, and he begins to walk through the mead, along the river bank. By and by he comes to a garden, long and broad, and everywhere enclosed with em-

battled walls, which are painted from end to end with symbolic pictures. This is the mediæval conception of a wild landscape, in which men could take pleasure. It is delicious from its simplicity and quaint order, mixed with enough of natural freedom to distinguish it from the garden. But it is chiefly delightful for its cool morning atmosphere, and the impression one receives of being bathed in fresh water and "attempted" air. Nothing is permitted in the landscape which could suggest distress or difficulty. The trees are in full leaf, and each has wide room to grow; the grass is smooth as in a pleasure; the meadow slopes gradually to the stream. The only thing which rushes is the river, which comes down stiff and bold from the hill, but it is still a hill stream, not a mountain torrent capable of devastation.

This peacefulness of temper, this soothing character of natural beauty, combined with pleasure in cool wells and clear water, and green meadows and the shade of trees, mark all the mediæval landscapes in which poet or painter took delight. One cannot help feeling that the life of the men and women of those times, being, as it was, much coarser and ruder at home than ours, demanded as refreshment this softness and sweetness in nature, just as our over-refined homelife drives us to find refreshment in Alpine scenery, the gloom and danger of which would have horrified the mediæval poet. It is impossible, without smiling, to picture Chaucer or Boccaccio in the middle of a pine forest on the slopes of Chamouni, or left alone with Tyndall on the glaciers of Monte Rosa. Both of them would have been exhausted with terror.

But the author of the Romaunt cannot take full pleasure even in this delightful nook of earth. It is too wild for him: it is not till he enters the garden that he is completely happy.

"The garden was by mesuryng
Right evene and square in compassing,
It as long was as it was large,
Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,"

and all the fruit was good for the service of man. There were pomegranates, nutmegs, almonds, figs, dates, cloves, cinnamon:—

"And many a spice delitable,
To eten whan men rise fro table."

Among these were the homelier trees, bearing peaches, apples, medlars, plums, pears, and other fruits. Then also the

great trees for beauty — pine, olives, elms
great and strong —

"Maples, ashe, oke, aspe, planes longe,
Fyne ew, poplar and lyndes faire,
And othere trees fulle many a payre.
These trees were sette, that I devise
One from another in assise
Five fadme or sixe."

Their branches are knit together and full of green leaves, so that no sun can burn up the tender grass. Doves wander under the leafy roof, squirrels leap upon the boughs, and the conies come out upon the grass and tourney together. In certain places, fair in shadow, are wells, and he cannot tell the number of small streams which mirth had "by devise" conducted in conduits all over the garden, and which made a delightful noise in running. About the brink of these wells, and by the streams, sprung up the grass, as thick-set and soft as any velvet, and wet through the moisture of the place. And it much amended all, that the earth was of such a grace that it had plenty of flowers.

"There sprang the violete alle newe
And fressche pervinke riche of hewe
And floures yelow, white and rede;
Sic plenty grewe there never in mede.
Ful gay was alle the ground, and queynt,
And poudred, as men had it peynt
With many a fressh and sondry flour;
That casten up ful good savour."

This then is his perfect landscape. "I must needs stop my tongue," he says, "for I may not without dread tell you all the beauty nor half the goodness of this place."

One marks in all this the subordination of nature to man. The garden is arrayed for his delight, trees for his shade, grass soft for his repose, all the fruits and herbs necessary for his sickness and health, for his pleasure in sweet scents and delicate tastes.

I have no doubt that the idea of this submission of nature to men, which is so constant in the poems of this time, arose out of the account of Paradise in the Book of Genesis, where not only the rivers water the garden but the herbs and fruits are specially set for the service of man, and man is placed in the garden to dress and keep it. Eden was much more of a rich kitchen garden than one thinks, and so is the garden here, till we come to the rosery surrounded by the hedge, where the God of Love, hiding behind a fig-tree, shoots the poet to the heart.

But we ought especially to observe the

order and definite arrangement of the whole, so different from our actual dislike of nature defrauded of her own wild will. The garden is even and square by measure; the trees are planted in pairs, and set five or six fathoms apart; the small streams are led over the garden in conduits, so as to make an ordered network in the grass.

Even in the pleasant grove which Chaucer describes in the "Flower and the Leaf," there is the same delight in this arrangement:—

"In which were okes great, streight as a line
Under the which the gras, so freshe of hewe
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellowe grewe."

Observe also the definiteness of the description. We are given the number of the feet between tree and tree. Wordsworth tried the same sort of thing in "The Thorn," when he described the pool—

"I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

only that in Chaucer the definiteness belongs to the whole landscape, and arises out of the distinctness with which his imagination saw the grove, while in Wordsworth, the poem being one of human feeling, not of natural description, is spoiled by the revolting prosaism of these two lines. Nothing can be worse than Wordsworth's introduction of himself into the midst of the passion of the poem; we think at once of a surveyor with a two-foot rule in his pocket.

With regard to the whole, it is worth observing that the woods we get into in Chaucer are not the wild greenwood of the ballads, but the pleasant woods full of glades which were near many of the English towns. They have nothing to do with the forest-land of England, nor is there any savage wood in Chaucer's poetry. The place Canace goes to is a grove in her father's park at no distance from the palace. The woodland Chaucer wanders in is such as we have seen close to inhabited spaces, and itself in lovely order. Palæmon and Arcite get into a forest; it is true, but it is also close to the hunting-lodge of Theseus, and is traversed with broad green paths, a forest as well cared for as that of Compègne, and of the same character.

The only description of a savage wood in Chaucer is of that which is painted on the walls of the House of Fame:—

"First on the wall was painted a forest
In which there dwelled neither man nor beast.
With knotty, knarry barren trées old
With stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a swimle in a swough."

And this is in reality not the description of what we call a forest, but of a savage part of the Foresta of England. In Chaucer's time, both in England and France, the forest was any wild land over which the people were not permitted to hunt. Hence it came to mean uncultivated land as opposed to cultivated. It might even mean, as it did sometimes in France, the fisheries of the king. At any rate it had not necessarily anything to do with woods, though woods were included under the term. It was used to describe open Commons, like Wimbledon Common, with furze and clumps of wild briars. It was used to describe the chalk downs. Chaucer's woods are, however, real woods. He lived for the most part in London. Highgate, Hampstead, and all the hills on the north and north-west were then clothed with great trees; and exactly such a landscape as we find him describing with the soft sward and the sparsely-planted trees, and the fresh river running near, he could see any morning he pleased by walking up the valley of the Fleet towards the present ridge of the City Road.

Once more, with regard to this poem,—the "Romaunt of the Rose" and its landscape—we observe what is strange in mediæval work, and which certainly could not have been the case had the poem been an Italian and not a French one, that there is in it no delight in colour. The leaves are said to be green, the flowers yellow, white, and red; but there is no distinctiveness in these expressions, and it is always the power of distinctive allotment of colours, and the choice of such expressions as mark minute shades of them, which proves love of colour in a poet.

The question is, had Chaucer this love of colour? We can fortunately answer that question with particular accuracy. One of his poems—"The Complaynte of a Lovere's Lyfe"—opens with an exact imitation of the "Romaunt of the Rose"—the walk through the wood by the meadows along the river, and the entrance into the garden. A peculiar English landscape touch is inserted, which is not found in the French poem—the lifting of the misty vapour; but it is the glow of colour which is so remarkable. The dew he describes as like silver in shining upon the green mead; flowers of every hue open out their leaves against the sun, which, gold-

burnished in his sphere, pours down on them his beams; the river runs clear as beryl—that is, of a bright sea-green, reflecting probably the grass. The great stones of the encircling wall are green. Within the garden, where the birds in plain and vale were singing so loudly that all the wood rung

"Like as it should shiver in pieces small"—

a wonderful piece of descriptive audacity—and where the nightingale was wrestling out her voice with so great might as if her heart would burst for love, Nature had tapestried the soil with colour; the wind blew through white blossoms; the hawthorn wore her white mantle; and the well in the centre, surrounded with velvet grass, has all its sands gold colour seen through the water pure as glass. He has departed from the whole of his model chiefly by insertion of colour; and he is as minute and delicate in its finish as he is large in his broad sketches of its distribution over a landscape. When the eagle blushes—and the absurdity of this does not spoil the lovely piece of colour which follows—it is

"Right as the freshe redde rose newe
Against the summer sun coloured is."

When he watches the fish glancing through the brilliant stream, he tells us that their fins are red and the scales silver bright. Speaking of the oak leaves in spring, he distinguishes, with great delicacy of observation, the colour of the leaves when they first burst from the bud, which are of a red cinereous colour, from that of the fully expanded foliage.

"Some very redde, and some a glad light grene."

When Canace, "bright as the young sun," rises very early in the morning and walks to the dell in her father's park, she sees the sun rising ruddy and broad through the vapour which glides upward from the earth, and passes on to rest beneath a tree white as chalk for dryness, a sharp description of the gaunt white look of a blasted tree seen in the midst of a green wood.

But of all the colours which Chaucer loved in nature, he loved best the harmony of white and green in one of his favourite daisied meadows. In the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale" he holds his way down by a brook-side—

"Til I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one hadde I never in been:

The ground was greene, ypoudred with
 daisie,
 The flowers and the greves like hie
 All ggreene and white, was nothing elles
 seen."

It may be, in an age when colours in art had each their peculiar religious significance, that Chaucer, a man who had travelled in Italy and who had himself the instinct of symbolism, had some spiritual meaning in the constant association of these two colours of white and green. Green, the hue of spring, signified hope, and particularly the hope of Immortality; white was the emblem, among other things, of light and joy, and was always in pictures the colour of the robe worn by the Saviour at and immediately after His Resurrection, especially when in that touching legend, He goes to visit His Mother first in her own house. So that, if this conjecture be true, the whole delight and rapture of Chaucer in a spring morning as he lay in a daisied meadow and heard the birds chaunt their service of praise to God, had a further sentiment to his heart — the sentiment of religious victory, the hope and joy of the resurrection to immortality.

Still dwelling on Chaucer's colour, it is curious the number of concentrated pictures which are to be found in his poems, pictures so sharply drawn in colour that they might be at once painted from the description. Here is one which Burne Jones might put down in colour on the canvas. The poet in the conventional May morning, comes to a green arbour in a delectable place, benched with new and clean turf. On either side of the door a holly and a woodbine grow. One can imagine the exquisite way these two plants would mingle their leaves in glossy and dead colour, the flowers of the woodbine running through both, like one thought drifting hither and thither through dreams; and how Chaucer must have smiled with pleasant joy when he saw them in his vision. He looks in and the arbour is full of scarlet flowers, and down among them, sore wounded, "a man in black and white colour, pale and wan," is lying bitterly complaining. Scarlet, black, white, one sees that, "flashing upon the inward eye," not in outline, nor in detail, but in colour, and that is the test whether a poet is a good colourist or not. It is no common excellence. Our mind's eye, which as we read creates the landscape before it, demands harmony of colour in the poetical as much as in the actual landscape. On the other hand, to give no colour in a landscape

which we know must have colour, or to insist on one colour till the eye of the imagination is dazzled by it, is equally bad in poetical work.

There is a splendid study of colour, unequalled in its way in our literature, in Chaucer's picture of the cock in the "Nun's Priests Tale." The widow keeps in her yard a famous stock of poultry —

"In which she had a cock, hight Chaunteclere,
 In al the lond of crowyng was noon his
 peere.

His vois was merier than the mery orgon,
 On masse dayes that in the chiroche goon;
 Well sikerer was his crowyng in his logge
 Than is a klok or abay orologge.
 His comb was redder than the fine coral,
 And battayld, as it were a castel wal.
 His bile was blak, and as the geet it schon;
 Like asur were his legges and his ton;
 His nayles whitter than the lily flour,
 And lik the burnischt gold was his colour."

It is as forcible and as brilliant as a picture of Hondecoeter, whose cock, a glorious bird, used to sit to him like a human being.

It is plain that a special study like this of an animal is not unfitting in the sphere of poetry, but one may doubt whether a poetical description of a landscape, even of so centralized a piece of landscape as that of the arbour, ought to be so given as to be capable of being rendered at once by the sister art of painting. It is a well-known critical rule, that the arts ought never to travel out of their own sphere — that no landscape in poetry should be conceived, as it were, from a painting, nor capable of being painted, and that no landscape picture should be capable of being described in words. In both the poetical and the pictorial landscape there ought to be elements above and beyond the power of the other art to render, and if Chaucer's landscapes were always the same as that of the arbour, and the black and white man among the scarlet flowers, he would have been justly called an inferior artist. But this is by no means the case: the direct contrary is the case.

The influence of the landscape on the senses and on the heart is almost always clearly marked, especially the glow and joy which the resurrection of the earth in Spring imparts to mind and body. He cannot restrain his delight in the colour of the trees. He breaks out: —

"But Lord, so I was glad and wel begone,
 For over all where I mine eyen caste
 Were trees clad with leaves, that aie shal last

Eche in his kind, with colour freshe and grene
As emeraude, that joy it was to sene."

He has "inly so great pleasure in sweet scents that he thinks he is ravished into paradise." The song of the nightingale enchants him into such an ecstasy that he does not know, he says, "where he was."

Wherever he goes, by brook or through meadow, he throws himself with simple but passionate feeling into the life of all things; never as our modern poets do, confusing himself with nature, or imputing to her his feelings; but always humbly and naturally receiving, without a thought of himself, almost devotionally, impressions of sensible and spiritual beauty from the natural world. There is nothing more beautiful in Chaucer's landscapes than our own vision of the childlike man moving about in them in happy "ravishment." We must conceive him as painted by the host in the prologue to the tale of "Sir Thopas" —

"Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare" —

large-bodied, for the host jokes with him on his being as round in the waist as himself —

"He in the wast is schape as well as I,"

but with features small and fair —

"He seemeth elvisch by his countenance."

The word "elvisch," both in its then and later meaning, touches the poetic quality of some of Chaucer's poetry, and the innocent mischief of his humour is elfish enough at times. But Chaucer used the word to express nothing more than that his features were small and delicate.

This simple childlikeness and intensity of Chaucer, two qualities which, when they do not exclude, exalt each other, and which, when combined in harmonious proportions, are the first necessity of a poetic nature, flow over all his landscapes like the rejoicing, enchanting light of dawn. This is the first of those elements of his poetry which makes his landscapes impossible to be painted.

Of two other unpaintable things the landscape is also full — of the scent of flowers, and the songs of birds, and now and then of the noise of water.

In the "Flower and the Leaf," after describing one of his favourite arbours and the pleasant sight of the cornfields and the meadows, he suddenly feels so sweet an air of the "eglantere" that no heart, however overlaid with froward thoughts,

but would have relief if it had once felt this savour sweet. An additional delicacy is given to the whole landscape by this sudden rich appeal to another sense. The delight of a sweet smell enhances all his pleasure. But he is not content with this alone, and here comes in that law of harmony of which I have spoken as marking the great artist's work — there must be a melody of scents, a chord of odour as a chord of colour. So further on, as he is searching for the nightingale, he finds her in a fresh green laurel tree,

"That gave so passing a delicious smell
According to the eglantere full well."

In another poem the same thought occurs of all things in nature, however different, being in musical accord.

"And the river that I sat upon,
It made such a noise as it ron
Accordant with the bridde's harmony;
Methought it was the best melody
That might been yheard of any mon."

Again, the whole of Chaucer's landscapes is ringing with the notes of birds. The woods seem to him to be breaking to pieces with the shrill and joyous sound. He enters into the whole of their life. He sees them tripping out of their bowers, rejoicing in the new day. He watches them pruning themselves, making themselves gay, and dancing and leaping on the spray, and singing loud their morning service to the May. He is lured into a trance by the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale, and in the trance he hears a battle royal between the nightingale and the cuckoo.

At another time he sees all the small fowls, as he calls them, clustering on the trees and of the season fain, and he cannot help translating their song for them. Some of them, delighted to escape the sophistries of the fowler employed against them all the winter, sing loudly, "The fowler we defy, and all his craft." Others, full of the summer, worship and praise love, and in their pleasure turn often upon the branches full of soft blossoms crying, "Blessed be St. Valentine." At another time, they wake him as he lies in bed through the noise and sweetness of their song, sitting on his chamber roof and on the tiles, and sing the most solemn service by note that ever man had heard. And some sang low and some high, but all of one accord. None of them fained to sing. Each of them pained herself to find out the merriest and craftiest notes, and not one of them spared her little throat.

They are the priests of Love in Chau-

cer, and they offer up the adoration of universal nature—"Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord"—to God. At the end of the "Court of Love," all the birds meet to sing matins to Love. The poem itself is an allegorical paraphrase of the matins for Trinity Sunday and has been objected to as impious, but this would be impossible in so religious a mind as Chaucer's, and when he makes them sing their naïve matins to the King of Love, he has the thought of Love as the law of God's government of the universe in his mind. Nothing can be fresher and more charming than the poem. The birds cluster round the desk in a temple shapen hawthornwise. Each of them takes part in the service. They praise the past season of May, and bid the flowers all hail at the lectern. The goldfinch, fresh and gay, declares that Love has earth in governance; the wren begins to skip and dance with joy when she hears that pleasant tale; the throstle-cock sings so sweet a tune that Tubal himself (for Chaucer confuses him with Jubal), the first musician, could not equal; the peacock, the linnet take up the service, and the owl awaked starts out and blesses them: "What meaneth all this merry fare, quoth he;" the lark and kite join in; and last the cuckoo comes to thank God for the joyous May, but so heartily and so gladly that he bursts out into a fit of laughter, Chaucer's way of describing that reduplication of his note when he takes to flight, cuck-cuck-ooo. Having done, the Court of Love rushes out into the meadows to fetch flowers fresh, and branch and bloom, hawthorn garlands, blue and white; with these they pelt one another, flinging primroses and violets and gold, and the royal feast is over.

Once more, flowers form a part of the landscape of Chaucer. They were part of nearly all the mediæval landscapes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and were sometimes painted with exquisite skill and tenderness. In some instances they had a definite religious significance. Roses, as in that wonderful trellised hedge of roses in Veronese's picture at Venice, symbolize the Virgin as the Rose of Sharon. Lilies, of course, represent purity. But when flowers and fruits are symbolical, they are generally placed in the hands or on the head of the saints, and do not properly form part of the landscape.

There is a very charming instance of their religious use in a picture of Benozzo Gozzoli in the National Gallery. St. Jerome and St. Francis kneel at the feet

of the Virgin. A red rosebush, full of flowers, has sprung out of the earth at the knees of St. Jerome, a clustered plant, of the large white lily at the knees of St. Francis. The meadow is full of wild flowers; these two alone are flowers of culture, and they represent that the two saints offer to the Virgin her own qualities of love and purity, and strive to imitate them in their lives.

Sometimes flowers enter the mediæval landscape as objects of mere pleasure, for the delight which the artist had in their colour, not with any distinct meaning. In the picture of the Battle of Sant' Egidio, in the National Gallery, Paulo Uccello has filled the whole middle distance with a hedge of red and white roses. At one end an orange-tree, laden with golden globes of fruit, rises beyond the hedge; at the other end is a pomegranate, breaking open its fruits with ripeness. The picture has been cited as a type of the neglect of the earth's beauty by reason of the passions of men. It may seem that to us, but Paulo Uccello, one is sure, had no such meaning. He brought in the roses and fruits as an ornamental background, and if he had any further thought it was that he wished to send Carlo Malatesta to his fate in the midst of the flowers and fruits among which he was pleased to sit in his garden when his guests were singing and dancing on the grass of his rosery.

But on the whole, the Tuscan or other Italian schools before Raphael do not take pleasure in cultivated flowers so much as in meadows and the common wild flowers. The grass is almost always the grass of Chaucer, soft and sweet and moist; the meadows are generally water meadows, and one either receives the impression of water being near at hand from the richness of the grass, or sees the river winding away in the distance. I take a few instances from the National Gallery of the treatment of meadow land and flowers by the earlier artists. They are all coincident in feeling with Chaucer's rapture in grass, and they illustrate his love of wild flowers.

Perugino's great St. Michael stands in a rich green mead, with one or two wild flowers; but Raphael, being the gentler angel and the angel of the earth, is walking with Tobit through an exquisite field where the grass is short, like smooth turf, and full of small and brilliant flowers of the field, blue, white, crimson, and gold, each growing separately, like the trees in Chaucer's grove, in lovely order, so that, even in the open meadow, the impression

of definite arrangement and culture is given, only it is not the culture of the garden, for the angel of the earth loves the field^a.

Filippino Lippi, in our picture, places his saints in wild grass land, and the only flowers he admits are the commonest, such as the flowering nettle. Piero di Cosimo, in that strange picture of his of the Death of Procris, places the dying maiden in a deep meadow, starred all over with the large and small daisy, and the wild anemone. Two tall reed-grass clusters, with flowers, shoot up on either side of the group. Raphael's St. Catherine stands among marshy meadows, lush and soft, with scarcely any flowers, not one of the garden character.

It is curious that in all these there is pleasure, not in flowers by themselves, but in flowers and grass, and the flowers more for the sake of the grass than the grass for the flowers. Even in the "Bacchus and Ariadne," painted when the love of flowers had increased, and where one would think that Titian would have made nature lavish of her beauty, we have only the columbine, the great blue iris, which grows wild, the lupine, and the rude esquisetum—the horse-grass which in our country springs up in rough moorland beside the pools. Marco Basaiti, another Venetian artist, whose landscape is not Venetian, but almost always laid among such scenes as one sees in travelling between Verona and Padua—terraced hills with castles and walls running down to the plain, stone-strewn fields, over which oxen are plowing, a city in the distance, a few scattered trees, a rude well and clover meadows—gives all his strength to the clover, and almost omits the flowers in his foreground. In that picture of the Death of St. Peter Martyr, which Lady Eastlake has presented to the National Gallery, the careflessness, and delight with which the clover-field and the woodland grass are painted are as remarkable as the absence of flowers.

When cultured flowers are introduced it is either for ornament or religion's sake. There is a most enchanting little group of cut flowers in a glass, standing on a ledge, in a picture by Lorenzo di Credi. They are there purely for the sake of their beauty, but it is the only instance of this in the Gallery among the pictures of the fifteenth century. All the rest—I do not speak of trees such as the citron and pomegranate—with the omission of Paulo Uccello's picture, are devoted to grass and its flowers.

I have discussed this at length that we may come with more comprehension to the grassy landscape of Chaucer. It forms the greater part of all his natural description, and his delight in it is unbounded. The flowers he mentions, roses being excepted, are all grass flowers, or flowers of the wild hedges, woodbine, hawthorn, the *Agnus Castus*, the last a shrub of the verbena family, growing in marshy places to the height of five and ten feet. The crown of all is the daisy, the simplest and commonest. The Queen of the Leaf, in the "Flower and the Leaf," comes in chanting its praise—"Si douce est la Margarete."

His green mead, with flowers white, blue, yellow, and red, is exactly the meadow of the fifteenth-century art. As to the grass, he never can say enough about it, but it is never coarse. It is turf such as grows in mossy glades; it is small, and sweet, and soft. It is, again, so small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue, "that most like unto grene wool, I wot, it was." It is often newly sprung, as in May. It is like velvet, it is embroidered with its own flowers. Nothing can compare with it when it shines like silver with the dew of morning; and of all its flowers the daisy, as I said, is the queen. The prologue of the "Legend of Good Women" is entirely taken up with the praises of this flower. It is true he impersonates his lady in the daisy, but the fine touches of observation, and the enthusiasm with which he speaks, mark his love of the flower itself. As the whole piece is characteristic, I give an abstract of it, using Chaucer's own words as much as possible. He begins by describing his delight in books—and we must remember we have here the pleasures of his later years, for this poem is one of his last.

"In mine heart," he says, "I have books in such reverence that there is no game could make me leave them, save only when the month of May is come, and the birds begin to sing and the flowers to spring; then—farewell my book and my devotion!"

I cannot help quoting Wordsworth in comparison:—

"Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife,
Come hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music!—on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.
And hark! how blithe the throstle sings,
He too is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."

Chaucer goes on: "Of all the flowers in the mead I love most those flowers white

and red, such as men call daisies in our town. When the May comes, no day dawneth but I am up and walking in the meadow to see this flower spreading in the sun when it riseth early in the morning. That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow. So glad am I to do it reverence, for it is the flower of all flowers fulfilled of all virtue and honour, fair and fresh of hue, that I love it, and ever shall until my heart die. And when it is eve, I run quickly, as soon as ever the sun begins to west, to see this flower how it will go to rest for fear of night, so hateth it darkness." We see at once where Wordsworth borrowed his thoughts:—

"When smitten by the morning ray
I see thee rise, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when at dusk by dews oppressed
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness."

Then Chaucer turns and identifies it with his lady, and after some lovely lines proceeds to describe the fire in his heart which drove him forth at the dawn to be at the resurrection of the daisy when it uncloses against the sun. He sets himself right down upon his knees to greet it. Kneeling away until it was unclosed upon the small, soft, sweet grass, soon "full softly he begins to sink," and leaning on his elbow and his side, settles himself to spend the whole day for nothing else but to look upon the daisy, or else the eye of day, as he prettily turns its name. When night falls he goes home and has his bed made in an arbour strewn with flowers. He dreams a dream, and sees the God of Love coming through a meadow, and "in his hande a queen." She is the incarnation of the daisy. Her habit is of green, and above the habit, which represents the leaves, rose the flower of her head, crowned with a crown of pearls, like the white petals of the flower, and in the midst a fret or band of gold, the cluster of yellow stamens. One compares this at once with Wordsworth's "A queen in crown of rubies drest." This is Chaucer's hymn of praise to the daisy, half in love of his lady, half in real honour of the flower. It is a charming picture of the simple and happy scholar, now verging into years; devoted all the winter to his books, but in the spring changing from the scholar to the poet—feeling still the secret of the May moving in the chambers of his blood, and dawn and evening worshiping the daisy.

Love of this flower is found again in England the moment the more natural school of poetry arose. In a certain degree it has always kept its place in poetry as the representative flower of the fields and hills; but when the fields and hills were little looked at in England for their own sake, the daisy drops out of our poetry as a direct subject for song. The allusions to it are many, but it is only when we get to Burns and Wordsworth—and Wordsworth, at least, drew the beginnings of his ardour for this flower from Chaucer—that the worship of this little fairy of the field begins again.

Wordsworth has consecrated three poems to its honour. In one he lets his busy fancy weave round it a web of similes, quaint and far-fetched, the lawful work of fancy, which is in poetry what wit is in prose. In another the imagination, which is related to humour, follows the daisy from field to mountain side and forest brook, and marks its varied relations to sudden moods of human feeling. In another he carries it into a higher but a less poetical region, dwelling on the concord of its daily life with that of humanity, and turning it into a moral lesson.

The poem of Burns is an elegy over the fate of one of these flowers done to death by his ploughshare. It is exquisitely tender, less loaded with thought than Wordsworth's poems, but coming home with more poetic intensity to the nature of the flower. Can anything be happier than this?

"Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy humble form.

There in the scanty mantle clad,*
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise."

But Chaucer's delight in the daisy is more natural, less mixed up with reflection, more direct, and when he does mingle its image with that of Alceste or of his wife, the two are more completely fused together by imagination than is the case with Wordsworth or Burns. The flower is first in Chaucer. In Wordsworth one thinks more of the thoughts than of the flower. In Burns we pity the flower, and its fate is woven in with

* Compare Wordsworth's

"A starveling in a scanty dress."

the fate of luckless bard and artless maid. But Chaucer would not have considered the ruin which befell the daisy at the hands of Burns a fit subject for poetry. He would have shrunk from it as a sacrilege. Agricultural work on his meadows would have been abominable. They were to be kept soft, and smooth, and sweet, for poets, and knights, and ladies to walk on and to meditate. If daisies had to be destroyed by the plough, let the fact be ignored by the poet.

Mr. Ruskin, dwelling on this sentimental view of nature—looked on no longer with the eye of the farmer, for use, but with the eye of the gentleman, for beauty—thinks that the mediæval pleasure in flowers became connected with less definite gratitude to God for the produce of the earth.

This, at least, is not true of Chaucer. Through a great part of his descriptions there exhales an indefinite incense of reverence and thankfulness to God for the beauty of the fields. The religious tone is marked. Even in the more humorous poems, such as the "Assembly of Fowles," where Nature, the goddess, is enthroned on a hill enriched with grass and daisies, we are made to feel that Nature is of God, and that the beauty and perfection of the queen is not intrinsic but delegated beauty; and when the daisy is identified with his lady, the wife he loved so well, and made the mistress of all the flowers, we know from many an allusion, that in Chaucer's reverential thought the grace of his lady is derived from the grace of God.

From The Golden Hour.
THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

At seven o'clock all the world was already in the streets. We had breakfast as soon as we could get bread. The maid had to go three times to the baker's, for it was all sold out twice over, and when we got some of the third baking it was just hot from the oven. Milk there was none to be had. The Berliners never had known such a state of friendly siege. We got out as soon as possible; for my place on the Tribune was still to be found and taken. Having looked at two or three positions, at last we selected a seat on the large gallery erected in the grounds of the Royal Porcelain Works. One reason for our preference was that it was nearly opposite to the balcony to which Miss W.—

was invited in the house of a friend. Here then she left me under the welcome shade of the trees till it should be time to mount the unsheltered gallery to see the procession. I soon made friends with a pleasant family of Germans, who were also enjoying the shade as long as possible, and who seemed to be interested in finding that as a foreigner I had come so far for the *Einzug*. I said that I was very Prussian in my sentiments, so far as the war and my liking for the nation was concerned; to which one of the ladies replied with a genial smile, pointing to my muslin garibaldi of broad black and white stripes, "Yes, indeed, one can see that. You wear our colours." I was glad that I had happened to bring it with me. I had really put it on because the heat was so excessive that one could bear nothing heavier.

Presently we were interrupted in our chit-chat, and there was a general move towards the stairs of the Tribune, as the cheerful strains of passing music were heard. It was the trade unions' bands and clubs on their way to their stands, for these lined the whole length of the *via triumphalis* at intervals, beginning with the machine-makers at the entrance from the Tempel-hofer Feld, where the march commenced, and ending with the great Berlin *Kampf-genossen-nerein* and volunteer rifle-corps, in front of the Imperial palace. The intermediate unions and trades were more than I can name here—butchers, basket-makers, smiths and carpenters, book-binders and confectioners, barbers and stocking weavers, all with their various implements of office, gilt and silver or gaily coloured, held high aloft on staves adorned with flags and ribbons. The brewers had a golden cask, surrounded by a number of smaller ones; the masons a miniature barrow and mortar-bod, a ladder and trowel; the hat-makers ever so many little hats and caps of every imaginable shape. Just in front of us the fishmongers had their place, and their company was the prettiest of all. They looked like a fairy scene in a Christmas pantomime. The deep, clear blue sky overhead, and the sparkling music from their band enhanced perhaps the effect of green and golden outspread nets, large and small and of every shape, glistening in the sun, and interspersed with tridents and Neptunes and sea-nymphs and dolphins, boats and silvery lobster-baskets. Whilst I was still quite engrossed in making all this out and in admiring the variegated scene below me,—people and flags and festoons and flowers, all one motley mass of gaiety and

colour—a cry was heard, and a gradually growing shout, which presently resolved itself into the announcement, “The Empress-queen! the *Kaiserinn!*” and five open carriages, each drawn by six beautiful horses, followed one another in quick succession, but not too quickly to allow of their several occupants being recognized,—the Queen, the Crown Princess, her children, the Princess Friedrich Karl, her three sweet-looking, fair young daughters, and other ladies of the Prussian Court, which numbers countless princely members. The Empress was all in white—the emblem of peace. A silken striped Turkish burnouse draped her shoulders in light folds, and a small white parasol trimmed with fluttering swan’s-down did not hide her face from the crowds so anxious to see it. To-day at all events she was popular, whatever she may be at other times. She is said to say of herself that she can never do anything right. Her unpopularity, however, must be of a negative kind, for I never heard a syllable against her. What I did remark was that I heard her scarcely ever named at all. The Crown Princess is often spoken of. There are two parties—for and against her. All allow her to be an upright, true-hearted, practical woman; and one speaker will tell you how much she is beloved, while the next will observe that she is too economical, or too decided, or too opinionated, and so forth; that in visiting the lazarettos and hospitals she was so particular and given to fault-finding that she set the ladies crying. I dare say her English ideas of neatness and order may have been too much for them; but at the same time they must have been very good for the men; and if nothing worse can be said of her, she will live down such small blame as this. I am charmed with the Crown Prince, and like what I see of him more and more. Nothing but good is reported of him. He is thought, however, not to be of a very firm character, and that one day he will be biased by his consort. That is the gravest innuendo that can be got up against him, and as the world cannot move round without innuendos of one kind or another, I think he comes out of the *mêlée* pretty well. But I am an enthusiast for him, and when I got a bow from him all to myself the other day, as he passed me on foot between his own palace and the king’s, I was transported for the moment to some place near the seventh heaven. Moltke is my next hero. I delight in sitting in the Reichstag and watching his calm countenance.

But now the royal ladies and their carriages have driven on, and the huzzas have for a moment ceased, only to rise again with a louder and more excited swell, mingled with the national anthem, for the *Kaiser* comes! The much-loved and venerated old king, a monarch of whom his people may indeed well be proud. Here he rides,—the stately, grand old warrior who has already passed his seventy-third birthday,—sitting his horse as if he were part of it, firm and upright, between the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl, the “Red Prince” of the war. These and the suite having passed, on their way to the Tempelhofer Feld, where the Emperor was to meet his victorious troops, and greet their entry into the capital, a pause followed, during which I had again time to look about me, and to chat with my neighbours. One was a German home from Mexico, fresh from the peace rejoicings of his countrymen in New York; he had reached the Fatherland a few days before, and travelled quickly to Berlin to be present there on this great eventful day. Another had come all the way from the far North-east—from Königsberg. Opposite to me was a great house belonging to some *Graf* or baron, every window of which was filled with gaily-dressed ladies and children, whose hands were full of flowers to throw to the troops as they passed. In the balcony where Miss W—— sat was a young lady in white, the daughter of the house, wearing the red cross badge on her arm, and on her breast the medallion presented by Queen Augusta to the self-denying workers in the military hospitals and barracks. It hangs from an *Ordens Band* of black and white ribbon. The one side is gold with the initial “A,” and a regal crown surmounting it; the reverse is silver, bearing the inscription, “Arbeit für das Vaterland.” The street below was lined with the quietest, most well-behaved of crowds. No shoving or pushing or scolding of police was needed,—perfect order was preserved from beginning to end. There was not even the never-failing rough laugh of an English mob when a solitary dog happened to run along the line in search of his lost master. The consequence was that the dog’s demeanour also was perfectly tranquil and self-possessed, and one felt quite taken by surprise at the difference between the behaviour of a Berlin dog in a crowd and that of a London cur. The line of march was one continued succession of flags—red, white and black, blue and amber and green, starred and striped and chequered,

every pole was surmounted by a Prussian and imperial eagle, with the name of a battle fought and won; and from staff to staff and across the street hung festoons of evergreen. This was the Sieges Strasse — the *via triumphalis*. It was well that there was plenty to divert one, and occupy the mind and thoughts, or fears of a sunstroke might have taken possession of one in a strong degree. It was now midday, and the burning unclouded rays descended full upon our unprotected heads. Parasols were of little use to shelter them. Feverish thirst seemed the prevailing epidemic, and so many saideils of Königsberger were drunk, and still called for, that at last the casks in the garden below seemed to be exhausted, and the waiters appeared with the trays of iced water instead. This was seized with equal eagerness, and yet people gasped and longed for more. Soon after twelve o'clock, amidst the ringing of all the bells in town, the triumphing host began to appear at the further end of the broad, long Königsgrætz Strasse. From our position we could see quite a mile up and down. A shimmer of bayonets and spiked helmets, and now they are approaching. Hurrahs begin to reach us, the music of the *Fischer-verein* tunes up, and unites with the tones of the military band. First of all rides the President of Police, with a detachment of riflemen. Then follows the ancient Field-Marshal Graf Wrangel, who is greeted with half-amused, half-affectionate cheers as Papa Wrangel! *Vater Wrangel!* The good old man is long past eighty, but he will not retire — still goes about in his white cuirassier uniform everywhere, and likes to consider himself liable for service. It was with the greatest difficulty that the king kept him from assuming the command of the army in the field during the late war, he being really quite past work. I am glad that the king does not, however, forget the old servant's faithful deeds of yore, and that on the day of the entry he sent him the diamond star and cross of the "Gross-Comthur des Haus-Ordens von Hohenzollern," whatever that may be, with a kind little note saying that he hoped that the general would live to wear it long in remembrance of the great day, and of his own long services; that he was the oldest and highest officer remaining from the time of the king, his father, Wilhelm III., and one of the first and earliest Knights of the Iron Cross, who had this day stood around that king's memorial, and he wished to bestow upon him a distinction by which the world might see that the son remembered the faithful service

rendered to the father. The signature ran, — "Your true and devoted King William."

With Graf Wrangel rode the Austrian Field-Marshal Von Gablentz, and a Russian general, and then a brilliant assemblage of officers, among whom were reckoned names that ranked high in the late war. All were richly decorated with honourable insignia, but these could scarce be seen through the mass of flowers, which almost had the air of weighing them down with their bright burden. And still wreaths flew through the air, and were caught upon bayonet points, still bouquets were cast from windows and carried aloft upon spear ends, still came branches of laurel and oak to be placed in the breast or at the saddle-bow, for at last garlands hung around helmets and necks, and shoulders, elegant bouquets, half an ell in diameter, became shields of unusual kind for these stout warriors, youthful and middle-aged, bronzed and fair. The horses were wreathed about ears, and neck, and frontlet, bunches of blossoms were stuck into the saddle before and behind, and spiked upon rifle and sabre, and many a courtly, knightly greeting of acknowledgment was given, and many a dame of mark smiled rosiely, with high beating heart, as her lord or suitor, or favourite hero passed beneath her window, and looking up, waved high his glittering weapon, the love-token caught and held upon it. It was a stirring and exciting scene. The sympathetic spirit, that is inborn more or less in every living creature, was wrought to its highest pitch. One felt with thankfulness that the righteous cause had won, and rejoiced with eyes now moist with emotion, now bright with the reflected enthusiasm of all around. This waxed louder and louder as the procession moves forward. Here are the Governor-Generals. Field-Marshal Herwartz von Bittenfeld, General Vogel von Falkenstein, and Lieutenant-General von Rosenberg Gruszczynski, Prince George, the Saxon Crown Prince and General Fabrice, the Commanders and Commanders-in-Chief of the late army. Then immediately preceding the King ride Prince Bismarck, in his dark-blue double-breasted coat with yellow collar, Count Moltke, Minister of War, and General von Roon, now also made Count. Behind the King and Kaiser came the Crown Prince of Germany and Prince Frederick Charles, and the other princes of the royal house, amongst them the little twelve years old heir-presumptive, a fair young boy in the bear-skin cap and red fez of the hussars.

It is impossible to give any idea of the reception of the old king, and his ministers, and brilliant suite. Handkerchiefs were waved, cheers rose high, hands were clapped, flowers danced in the air, doves, black and white plumaged, serene with the emblems of peace in their bills, were let fly from ladies' windows. Miss W——'s young friend, Fräulein K——, dropped a bouquet, which the King caught upon his sword. He looked up, and bowed his thanks to the fair donor. She deserved them, for she had worked for seven long winter months among the sick and wounded of his army. The kind old man would fain give no one pain. He looked above and about, and below and around him at every step, and greeted his "children" continually. The Crown Prince the same, of whom it was afterwards said, "none knew better than he how to salute with the sabre in courtly fashion." He is a princely-looking man, of princely demeanour, albeit he prefers a simple quiet life to the stir and state of court and camp. But now there is no more time for disquisition or discursive talk. The troops have entered the triumphing city, and are marching in quick time up the long straight avenue of flags and festoons, and rows of captured cannon. We see them coming first by the glitter of a host of bayonets, crossing, and glancing, and gleaming in the sun, and now they tramp nearer, and now they pass by us, now beating time with their arms to the inspiring music, now shouting "Hurrah, Hoch!" to the bystanders, then stretching out their hands thankfully for the glass of water or flagon of wine that one of these reaches to them. It is never drunk out, but always passed on to a comrade, and sometimes the whole row of six or more take each a draught, an act of unselfish good fellowship, that can be best prized by those who experienced the heat of that day, better still by those who know what is the fatigue of a quick march of many hours duration, under such a sun.

Here and there the Liebchen, of a year ago, before the war broke out, is discovered in the crowd, and drawn into the procession to walk with her Herzensmann as far as her strength will hold out, a long way, perhaps, supported by his arm and her own happy pride. Here we see a young "Marketenderinn" in the scarlet cap and vest of the regiment, marching in step with her husband. She is greeted with many a good-natured cheer, to which she replies with condescending waves of her hand. But see! all is forgotten as this imposing phalanx of trophies passes by.

Eighty-one eagles, a mass of flags and standards all taken from the enemy, some in such thick fight that little but the staff remains, or a rag of the pennon. These honourable insignia of victory are borne by sub-officers of the various regiments — Prussian, Bavarian, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and North-German. The jubilation finds no bounds. The bands play "Hurrah Germania," and "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland." More flowers are thrown, more wreaths are caught. The first regiment of guards has passed, a proud corps; and now follows battalion on battalion. Sharpshooters alternate with grenadiers and riflemen, then comes a combined battalion, composed of men picked from the regiments of the whole German army; as far as possible, wearers of the iron cross, and all chosen for good conduct and character; — a brilliant motley assemblage, received with hearty acclamation. Here is the North-German Pickelhaube, the Bavarian helmet and plume, the Käppi of the Würtemberger, and uniforms scarlet, sky-blue, green, white and purple — a mixed medley, telling of German unity. Then more music and new battalions in never-ceasing lines, a flash of bayonets, a blaze of sabres, then squadrons of horse, with heavy arms and breastplates, hussars in their white-embroidered, close-fitting uniform, and becoming bearskin caps, beneath which some young fair faces looked quite boy-like, in spite of their honours and decorations, that told of battles fought and won.

And now the prettiest sight of all, — a regiment of Uhlans (please pronounce the *u* short, and the *a* long), lightly armed, well mounted, all handsome, well-made, lithe young men, with a bright glance and steady hand. The rifle slung at their side, and in their right hand grasped the formidable lance, the staff couched in the saddle, but the head pointed straight aloft, its small penon waving lightly in the breeze. As they ride on, their fanciful square-topped helmets shining in the sun, they looked as if they were moving beneath a canopy of black and white. They were splendid young fellows, and I could fancy so well the scene described by the *Times* correspondent, on that sunshiny morning of March in Paris, when the young Uhlan officer rode up the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, and with a light flourish of his sword (the officers do not carry lance and pennon) took possession of the French capital!

And now who comes here? Not a grenadier, as the nursery rhyme has it, not a

tambour-major, as some one said, but a Fahnenwache, in white, girded with a crimson scarf, his loose sleeves confined at the wrists with a band of red. He throws the silken flag twenty feet high, it makes a neat somersault in the air, and lo! alights in his hand. Once more he hurls it as by legerdemain, and swiftly it flies upwards, the golden staff-head always coming rightly home. The people make way for him, as he bends hither and thither, playing, as it were, lightly with the splendid toy, and performing more and more brilliantly the more he is applauded from house-top, and garret, balcony and gutter. It would seem as if the armed hosts of Germany would never have done marching. On, on they continue to come in continuous stream — two-and-forty thousand chosen representatives of the Fatherland's good troops. When any corps came by that had done particular service, or suffered very greatly, the wreaths, and flowers, and acclamations vied with one another more than ever. Sometimes a light-hearted young fellow, carried away by the excitement, would cry out from the ranks, "Dreimal hoch für die Mädchen!" while another would flourish his sabre over his head, and a third would bend his arm sharply at the elbow, stick up his sword quite straight, and then work it back and forwards from his shoulder-socket in time to the music, like a wooden soldier on a trellis. All were in good spirits, but away from the line of march, withdrawn for the time from their own homes, perhaps to quieter streets, or even from the town itself, were sad and mournful hearts — one dare not think how many. They would not stay to damp the general joy, but how could they participate in it? Hearts deprived of their best and dearest in this world, in the cruel course of the great war, of which this triumph was the end. The most touching thing I have ever beheld was a house, Unter den Linden, in the very midst of the gayest of decorations and brilliant illuminative preparations, hung with only the black and white colours of Prussia, and long streamers of crape, with the words in white immortelles, "Vergisst nicht die theure Todten!" What a volume of the past and its sad truths it told!

But what more shall I tell you to give you a real idea of the sights of that day? Regiment after regiment has passed by, two-and-forty thousand men in all, and cannon innumerable, their proud booty with them, rattling by two abreast on heavy gun-carriages drawn by six horses. On

one sits a jaunty little Marketenderinn, fatigued with the march. It is already nearly half-past four, and they have still to reach the Brandenburg Gate, to pass beneath its four bronzed horses, which once Napoleon I. bore off to Paris, but was made to return again, and then to march through the Linden Allée, whose shade will indeed be very welcome to them to-day, and on the Lust Garten, where the memorial monument of Friedrich Wilhelm III. was uncovered.

When the Emperor reached the Brandenburg Gate, he was greeted by sixty-three young maidens, of good family and good looks, dressed in true German, so-called Gretchen-costume, short skirts, bodices cut square, and hair unadorned, hanging down the back in two long thick plaits. Anything *French* about dress or coiffure was strictly prohibited. One of these young ladies, the daughter of a Professor of the University, stepped forth, and addressed him in a poetical effusion.

A laurel crown was presented, the Emperor thanked the fair young speaker graciously, and moved on, to be stayed again by an oration of praise and thanksgiving from the Bürgermeister. Congratulatory telegrams, at the moment received from Vienna and Marburg were also presented. Then the triumphant procession continued its way, in its midst, as I have hitherto forgotten to say, the members of the Sanitary Corps, with the red cross badge on arms or breast, the hard-working doctors, and brave hearted Feld Prediger, with the violet stripe on their sleeves. All these were received with loud applause.

The uncovering of the statue must have been a fine and impressive sight when the whole square, known as the Lust Garten, was filled with the troops surrounding their king, with heads uncovered, while the Vicar-General of the Army spoke a short prayer, and the cathedral choir chanted a *chòrale*. Then the Kaiser gave the sign, and the canvass fell from the equestrian figure of his father, whose memory he had so suitably chosen to honour on this day.

The thunder of cannon announced the event to the multitude, the national hymn played by the bands, and the loud huzzaing only ceased when the tones of the *chorale* "Nun danket Alle Gott," were heard chanted forth by the choir, when they were gradually taken up by the whole assembled people. As the last words, "Lob sei Ihm immerdar" — "To

Him be praise for ever!" died away upon their lips, the masses broke up, the old king took leave of the surrounding officers, and rode to his palace, while the troops disappeared in detachments to their quarters.

The streets, however, did not empty. There were many attractions in their gay and manifold decorations, and in the evening they were to be illuminated with many a strange and piquante device. Between the shalowy trees of the fine Linden Allee, pedestals bearing fire-urns and torch-holders had been erected, and upon the base of these all the 191 official despatches from the seat of war were posted in their order, according to date, from July of last year to March of this. Interspersed amongst them and all about were many proverbs and "mots," and texts and verses well-chosen and telling.

June 26, 1871. — I left off with the end of the entry of the troops into Berlin. I hope the long story did not tire you as much as the protracted march did the soldiers. One poor fellow said that the day of the Battle of Gravelotte — one of the severest in the whole war was nothing to it! Prince Albrecht fainted, and is said to have had a very slight attack of paralysis, from the fatigue and the heat; but he was in ill-health before. Seven of the men fainted, and one slipped off his horse just before the king; but that was the utmost extent of the contretemps of the day, which is really wonderful, when one thinks of the scene. The brave old Kaiser never flagged. When the last man marched past, he exclaimed, "Schade dass es der Letzte ist!" — "Pity 'tis the last!"

Perhaps the story has already reached you of Prince Bismarck and the glass of lemonade. Having drunk it, seated on horseback as he was, he reached down the glass to an attendant, when an enthusiast patriot in the crowd, or upon a tribune near at hand, cried aloud, "Ten thalers for the glass from which the greatest man in the world has drunk!" The glass, however, was pocketed, and walked off with — probably to become a fund of wealth for the possessor. Bismarck is said to have smiled with some amusement at the scene, and the man's acuteness.

By ten o'clock that same evening all the Höchsten and Allerhöchsten Herrschaften, as the papers say, that is, king, queen, princes, and princesses, and officers, were out and about in the streets, admiring the

illuminations, and received with acclamation by the people.

I had rested and refreshed myself with tea and a nap, and then went out also, accompanied by Miss W——'s maid. She was herself thoroughly knocked up, and could do no more. One would not have cared to be out in London streets on the night of a public rejoicing with only a female servant in attendance; but here it was quite possible. The people were quiet and well-behaved, interested in examining the clever devices, and intent on reading their mottoes, and the only places where there was any eager crowding to get first was where one of these was especially good or brilliant.

A police order had been issued that no carriages or vehicles should be used in the streets after dark, and this greatly tended to the general comfort and well-being. The city itself was one blaze of light, gas, torches, stars and crowns vied in splendour with coloured oil lamps of every possible hue and arrangement. These again with variegated Chinese lanterns of all sizes and forms, from the large handsomely painted ones which lighted the arcade of the Crown Prince's palace, to the many little striped balls which danced among the foliage of the Linden. There was scarcely a window in which wax-tapers did not burn, and no house that was not decorated. It was sad enough to notice, in the midst of the universal tokens of joy and triumph, the French Embassy bare and blank, every shutter closed, deserted by its rightful inhabitants, and the French banners waving in front of it, the property of the enemy. Since Count Benedetti left the mansion for Ems, there on the public promenade to insult the Prussian king, its rooms have remained unoccupied. He never returned. They say that a new ambassador has been appointed, but naturally he would not move into residence until this day was past.

The various ministerial abodes, the Prince's Palace, where, singular to say, since the day before, a flight of strange doves had taken up their quarters, the Arsenal, University, Museum, and other public buildings were all beautifully lighted up, thousands of tapers shing forth from the windows of the Imperial Schloss — all was lighted from the summit of its cupola to the basement — caused it to look like a building of diamonds, while the spray of the fountains in the Lust Garten, caught the shimmer, and seemed to drop jewels among the ever-changing crowd.

A surprised thousand-fold "Ach!" of wonder and delight, too great for louder expression, makes us turn again, and behold the Schloss in a flood of crimson and golden glory, which includes also the gigantic, excellently executed statue below, representing Germany with her newly-found children of Alsace and Lorraine at her side. The pedestal of this temporary monument, which deserves a better fate than to be broken up and burnt, or cast aside, as perhaps it already has been, is quite splendid in its roughly-hewn, truthful naturalness of design. It gives in alto relief a home-story of the war in a series of groups from the life, beginning with the king's address, "An mein Volk," which a little coterie are deciphering on the post of a pump, and carrying one through the after scenes, the official document being handed over to the youth whose age renders him "Dienst-Pflichtig," the laying aside of the spade or the ell measure, the account-book or the pruning-knife, for the knapsack and sword. The parting with parents, wife and child, the battle, the arrival of the field-post letter, the hospital tent, the return home with arm in sling, or crutch in hand, and so to the end when victory has been sounded. This and many others of the wood and plaster groups were well worthy of study, both as to device and execution, and the people were moreover capable of appreciating them.

All down the length of the Linden, Bengal lights were burnt, as well as immense gas-torches, which rendered as visible as by day the paintings by Albo Knille, Ewald, Von Verner, and Scholler, which were suspended between the trees at intervals. The first represented the departure of the army for the seat of war. Above it was inscribed in clear characters the king's words on the 20th July, 1870,— "My people will stand by me in this strife, as they stood by my father, now resting in the Lord." Below was written, —

"Quarrels I avoid,
But insult I'll not bear.
The sword is sharp I wear."

On the reverse side of the picture was a sort of immense banner, boldly painted upon sail-cloth, and the words, —

"A heavy fist for foe's contempt,
An open hand for friendly grasp;
A faithful heart to trust our God,
A ready tongue to speak the truth."

On the poles that bore this banner were the first verses of the patriotic song,
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXII. 1038

"Sie sollen ihm nicht haben, der freien, Deutschen Rhein."

The second picture represented the union of the German forces, with the king's words, "All Germany stands united as never before," and below the motto —

"South and north,
One in sword and word."

The next great picture represented battle and victory, with the king's words to his soldiers, "Ever remember that a true sense of honour, good fellowship, bravery, and obedience renders an army great and victorious." Beneath was inscribed, "The Lord our God will be with our righteous cause," and at the back the strangely applicable verses of Rückerts: —

"Und also ist es dem geschehen,
Dass wie von einem Wetterschlag,
Eh' man die Hand hat zücken sehen,
Der, den sie traf am Boden lag:
Und wir bekennen laut und offen;
Es ist der Herr, der ihn getroffen."

Then came an allegorical picture of "Germania," with another motto taken from the old king's despatches, and all sorts of verses in honour of the present union, winding up with the words, —

"Of all the lands upon the globe
I love the German best;
It boasts not precious stones nor gold,
But men of valour, corn, and wine,
And maidens true and faithful."

The last banner represented "Peace," surrounded with all its attendant blessings of love, and joy, and plenty. It bore the inscription, "May the German war, which has been so gloriously carried on, be followed by a no less glorious peace." The Emperor's words on March 21st of this year. The motto taken from one of Uhland's poems: —

"And are not then the men
Industrious, honest and upright,
Capable in times of peace,
Brave when they needs must fight?"

On the poles was a verse from Hans Köster: —

"Raise our hearts to God,
Who has given both
Victory and peace."

Then the Emperor's words, "Providence be thanked, who has willed that we should be the instruments of such great historical events," March 5th. 1871. And "The German princes and people are united by a common cause to one kingdom," May 31st, 1871.

All down the sides of the Linden Allée were erected so-called "Ehren Säulen für die friedlichen Kräfte im Kriege und während des Krieges." Pillars on which were celebrated the virtues of the railway, the telegraph, post, &c., &c., and their aid in the time of war. For example, on that erected in honour of the railway was the couplet, —

"Your diligence was iron,
Upon your iron roads."

followed by the verse, —

"You helped to success
With bringing and fetching
The warrior here,
The food for him there;
The gift for the healthy,
The leech for the sick,
By sunrise and sunset
Nor resting nor sleeping."

A verse from Proverbs was chosen for the telegraph, with the two couplets: —

"Kurz und klar,
Warm und wahr."

"Hundert Siege berichtet,
Alle erfechten, Keiner ertöchtet."

This latter took my fancy greatly. The French certainly could not have boasted of such *vérité vraie* in their telegrams!

The "field-post," the soldier's delight, and comfort of the "old folks at home," had its honourable mention too, in various quips and quirks of doggerel verse; such as this, for example: —

"No more tobacco smoke;
The last cigar let out.
Hurrah for the postillion!
Give — give the letters here!"

What a lifelike picture is not called up of an eager open-mouthed coterie, whether around the far-away camp fire, or the beer-bedaubed table of the village inn, or the cottage hearth and grossvater's-stuhl of the old grandfather, as the postillion with his letter-bag dashes up the ill-paved street with the letter-bag at his saddle-bow!

The Liebes-gaben, or Christmas-gifts were remembered in the motto, "Love is an inventive spirit," and the stanza —

"Christmas tapers found a way
Through battle's storm, and lent their ray
To whisper to us thoughts of love,
In hearts below, and Heaven above."

The Ehrensäule of the army chaplains bore as a motto the text, Isaiah lxi. 13, "I will comfort you as one whom his mother comforts;" and the first lines of Luther's

grand hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"A strong fortress is our God,
A firm defence and shield."

The doctors were greeted with the words: —

"Where life strove with life
You strove with death and grave,
And eke from the dread mower
Full many a sheaf did save,"

The attendants on the sick were not forgotten. To them these two beautiful texts were addressed, —

"I was sick and ye visited me."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The Red Cross Knights of St. John were celebrated in the following verse, which it would be a pity to spoil by translating: —

"Acht Spitzen und ein Kreuz,
Viel Wunden und ein Dienst,
Viel Hände und eine Kraft,
Das ist Johannis-Ritterschaft."

The good field-postmen were also thought of. Their pillar was marked by a picture representing pen and paper being brought to a hospital bedside, perhaps to note down the wounded man's last words and wishes.

Women's work was gratefully acknowledged in the words, —

"In tender hands
What power lies,
In patient work
How great success."

And then —

"Die Hand, die giebt, ist immer reich,
Die Hand, die trägt, ist immer weich,
Die Hand, die hält, ist immer fest,
Gegen, Tragen, Halten,
Ist guter Frauen Walten."

Last, but not least, I must give the inscription upon the allegorical monuments representing Germany with Alsace and Lorraine. This was rather good, I thought, in the original: —

"Full of courage,
Full of culture,
Corn and wine,
Iron, steel;
Rich in song,
Rich in thought,
Hail to thee!
My Fatherland,"

and so on, winding up with the couplet, —

"With God and with our King,
One people, house and army."

I might fill pages with only a hundredth part of the really clever mottoes and devices that adorned the buildings of Berlin that day and night. The large coloured lamps on the Crown Prince's Palace were arranged in the form of the Iron Cross, and surmounted by an immense eagle with outspread wings of light. The splendid Brandenburg gate was bathed in the soft, changeful hues of Bengal fire, which seemed to convert the four bronze chargers above into real horses of the sun, while the figure of Victory which reined them in was crowned with electric light, which spread its rays far and wide. The gigantic figure of Beroliner, or Berlin, on the Belle-Alliance Platz, where the troops first entered the town, was also illuminated with electric flame. This was rather a handsome figure, with a youthful, maidenly face; at its feet the upright bears which belong to the Berlin arms, and from which it took its name, "*bear-lin*."

On the Platz before the Brandenburg Gate six tall ship-masts were erected, bearing the names of the several victories over the French armies, which concluded an era in the war. The entry into Paris was on the first, the subjugation of its forts on the second. On the third were inscribed the battles around Orleans, in which the army of the Loire was routed; on the fourth the victory of Le Mans, where the Army of the West was annihilated; on the fifth that of St. Quentin (Amiens), which broke up the Army of the North; and on the sixth Pontarlier (Belfort), when the Army of the East was driven over the Swiss frontier.

As I say, one might write on and on and still never complete the picture of this festive day. It was as splendid as the deeds it glorified, and will be remembered in connection with the men and names that wrought them.

On the Danhofs Platz tents were erected, where there was a free distribution of beer, and wine, and refreshments, and the soldiers kept up the dance till the morning dawned, I believe, but no disorder of any kind was heard of. I was told that only the *wives* of the military were admitted to the dancing tent.

I was very glad when at last I seemed to have seen everything, and could go home and go to bed, for I was tolerably tired with the *Strapazen*, as the Germans would say of this and the preceding day.

The next afternoon there was a Gala-dinner at the palace, to which all the

guests of royal blood, then staying in Berlin, were invited, as well as the ambassadors and suits, generals and staff-officers, the Russian military deputations, the Austrian Cavalry General Baron von Jablentz, the Bavarian General von der Tann, the Wurtemberg General von Baumgarten, the Ministers of State, who had attended the peace negotiations, the presidents of the Reichstag, Dr. Simson and Furst Hohenlohe, the chaplains and physicians of the Regiment of Guards, the deputations of veterans of the Iron Cross: in all, over 600 guests. The banquet was served in the princely Weisser Saal, or White Drawing-room, so-called from its fittings — and in the adjacent magnificent galleries and halls, all resplendent with gold and silver, costly damask and paintings. I went to the Linden to see the noble party break up, and surely none ever walked in the midst of so many and rich uniforms before! The officers and princes, many of them, left on foot, and I met them here, there, and everywhere, their breasts ablaze with decorations. The few ladies present were chiefly in white, the Empress wore a tiara of diamonds and pearls. The King had engaged the whole opera-house for the night, and so the party drove or walked almost direct from the Schloss there. The Queen went into her palace for a few minutes, and I saw her return to the carriage, some slight alteration having been made in her toilette, the Crown Princess did the same. She drove close past me, accompanied by the Princess Alice. The Prince passed me on foot, and bowed, touching his plumed helmet. He looked very handsome. The light-blue uniform suited well his fair complexion. Crowds of folk, visitors and natives, rich and poor, still flocked in the Linden Allée and everywhere in the streets admiring the decorations, reading the inscriptions, fighting over again the battles which were celebrated by name or verse on the waving flags and standards, or congratulating themselves and each other that now their dear ones were returned to them, and the war and its partings and sorrows over. How heartily must these latter have joined in the next day's Public Thanksgiving and *Te Deum*! We were at the Dom-Kirche doors before half-past eight, — the service did not begin till ten — but there was already a dense crowd standing there. When the doors were opened it was extremely difficult to make one's way through the mass of people to the seats lent to Miss W — for the occasion by a friend. However,

the vergers managed to get us to them, stimulated in his efforts by a small plated coin. These horrid little thin bits of copper with a dirty suggestion of impure silver upon them are surely not worthy of the great German empire!

Looking down from the gallery the sight in the church was a strange one. The heads were so close that one might have walked upon them. Three attendants were needed to make way for the clergyman to the altar, from which the first part of the service is read, and it took so long to get him through that it was late when the service began. He told Miss W—— this himself, she knows him very well. I wonder whether he felt at all nervous. He was once shot at on a somewhat similar occasion by a fanatic in the crowd. The ball entered the wall behind him, and he continued the Belief which he was at the moment saying, and calmly concluded the prayers, but when he reached the vestry afterwards he fainted. The special prayer appointed for the 18th contained the following sentences,—"Almighty everlasting God! in deep humility we adore Thee and bless Thy holy name. Thou hast performed glorious deeds before our eyes. When the enemy came against us, and war was upon us, we trusted in Thee. Thou lookedst upon us in mercy and hearest our prayer. In the day of battle Thou gavest our armies victory, and we acknowledged Thy merciful aid. Thou hast done more: Thou hast given peace to our boundaries, for which we prayed to Thee in faith. O Lord, our God; we now come before Thy face with thanksgiving and rejoice in Thee in psalms. Forgive, for Thy dear Son's sake, the sins that our people have committed in this time of war, and let us recognize that Thy thoughts for us are thoughts of peace. Help us in the midst of peace to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, that we may glorify Thy name for ever and ever."

The sermon was preached from the text, Acts ix. 31,—"Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." In the course of the sermon the preacher said that *Germany was now called on to protect the peace*. He admonished earnestly to prayer and faith, and said, "A God-fearing people will not be put to shame." The hymns were "Nun danket Alle Gott" and "Glory to God in the highest." These were scarcely ended, and the concluding prayer said, when the roar of cannon

echoed along the lofty roof of the great church, causing its pillars and foundations to vibrate, and the trumpets and trombones mingled their deep tones with the organ, and the whole congregation burst forth with the jubilant *Te Deum*. It was a most thrilling moment; the tears came to my eyes, and I saw Miss W——'s lips quiver. A hundred and one cannon shots were fired like minute guns at sea, while choir and people took up the thanksgiving Psalm alternately. As the amen died away the last shot was fired, the blessing was given, and the people gradually dispersed. Shall I ever witness such a scene in my life again? It is scarcely to be wished, for the effect was wrought by a terrible cause! During the service all eyes had been many times directed towards the royal pew, where the king and his family usually sat; but it remained empty to the end, and many a silent fear arose that the fatigues of yesterday had proved too great for him; as we left the church his carriage passed. He had been at the Garrison Church this day, pouring out his thanksgiving in the midst of his faithful soldiers. The sermon preached before him was from Exodus xv. 1-3.

And now the great Peace Festival was, in fact, over. The next day the Empress left to continue her baths at Baden Baden, and the day after the old king was to depart for Ems. All Monday, which strangely enough proved determinately wet, after the brilliant days of the rejoicing, droshkas filled the streets, loaded with travellers for the railway stations. I was invited in the afternoon with Miss W—— to a coffee party, where amongst others I met Fraulein K., the young lady whose bouquet the old king caught on his dagger point and who had worked so diligently and lovingly for months in the Berlin lazarettos. Every one was full of the late events, and each had an anecdote or story of especial experience to give—of doves let fly, or flowers thrown, or greetings received, and so forth. At nine the next morning I started on the homeward journey to Danzig, and falling in with some friendly Mennonites, had a very pleasant journey, shortened by cheerful conversation. At the Driesen junction we parted, they going to Elbing and I to Danzig, where at ten that night I arrived safe, and thankful for the happy and interesting days I had spent. Brother F—— met me at the station, and I found Sister F—— sitting up for me, with tea already spread, and the warmest of welcomes. We sat together till past midnight, while

I told them of all I had done and seen, and then I bade them good-night, as I will you now; for we have had a long day's outing in the woods, and on the shore of the Baltic, picking up amber and shells, and I am very tired. — Yours, B. B.

From Good Words.

THE GERMAN PEACE FESTIVAL.

ALONE of all the races of Europe, the Germans have retained the power of employing the highest Art, sincerely, earnestly, reverently, to express the highest national emotions, and to embody in mingled painting, impersonation, poetry, and music, their patriotic reverence for the past, their patriotic hopes for the future. On them seems to have fallen the mantle of the old Athenian tragedians; those at least of the nobler days when the drama was truly religious and truly national: when Æschylus wrote his *Persæ* and Sophocles his *Edipus Coloneus*; ere yet Euripides had debauched the stage by his Phædras and Hecubas, mere sensational representations of the passions of individuals. On them, too, seems to have fallen the mantle of the old Middle-Age Mystery and Miracle-play writers; men who, in spite of coarseness and uncouthness, taught by the drama, and taught well, up to the memorable day when, in Stirling town, the Scotch court, nobles, and people, sat for seven mortal hours to hear and see that truly noble, though now forgotten, drama—grand old Sir David Lindsay's *Satire on the Three Estates*.

Free from the coarseness and uncouthness of the Middle Age, and blending old Greek grace and grandeur with the tenderness and depth of the Mediæval ballad-singers, and both with the actual life and aspirations of the nineteenth century, German Patriotism, assisted by German Culture, has achieved lately a triumph of honest and earnest High Art, at the German Peace Festival on the 1st of May.

If any reader should think this praise excessive, let him study the following plain description of what was to be seen and heard at the German Peace Festival in London and judge for himself.

On the 1st of May, the principal Germans resident in England met together in London to celebrate the return of peace, and the re-union of Germany. Those who remember the all-absorbing interest felt by every inhabitant of these islands in the late

conflict on the Continent, can picture to themselves in some faint way, with what breathless anxiety the final issue was awaited by the numerous sons of the Fatherland settled in this country. Many of the younger members of the Anglo-German community were summoned away to bear an active part in the struggle for the freedom and union of Germany. Many a young student, many a rising merchant, many a busy clerk, had to leave his occupations here, at short notice; whilst later on, as the dreadful tragedy was played out, many a devoted son of the Fatherland voluntarily quitted his peaceful home here, to spend his time and money, and in too many cases his health, on the battle-fields or in the crowded hospitals, in tending and alleviating as far as could be, the sufferings of friend and foe. What wonder, then, that when the struggle was over, when peace was made, and when those who were ever to return had returned to their counting-houses, their desks, their homes,—what wonder if the great body of Germans scattered throughout this country desired to meet together to pour out, face to face, their thankfulness, their joy, their deep heartfelt satisfaction, at the astonishing succession of victories achieved by their army, but beyond all at the true solid re-union of Germany as one powerful empire?

The 1st of May was well chosen as the day for such a festival. Not only was it a day sacred in ancient times among all the Teutonic races, but in later times it was on the 1st of May that the Carolingian monarchs were wont to assemble the estates of the realm to deliberate on affairs of state, thus foreshadowing modern limited monarchy and representative government. The memory of the old sacred day of their Teutonic ancestors is still kept alive in England, though in this more artificial state of society the lords of the manor no longer vie with their dependents in welcoming in the "merry, merry month" beneath the village maypole. In Germany the day is now only associated with the legends of the *Walpurgis Nacht*, the time when the witches assemble on the Blocksberg in the Hartz mountains; and it was the custom, even till quite lately, to take every kind of precaution on the eve of May against the mischievous influences of the old powers of darkness.

No pains were spared to make the peace festival worthy of the great occasion. The managers were most anxious that it should be felt to be a festival of peace, not of triumph, and throughout the whole

proceedings there was not a word of exultation over a fallen foe; indeed the great deeds achieved by the German host were mainly alluded to in their bearing on the issue of the struggle, the reunion of the German Empire: and the name of France was hardly uttered, and never in a way that could have pained any upright, sensible Frenchman.

The demand for tickets had been very great, and hundreds were disappointed at not gaining admission. It was found necessary to repeat the musical and allegorical parts of the performance on a later evening. The place selected for the meeting was the *Turnhalle* of the German Gymnastic Society at King's Cross, a most convenient and appropriate place for such a gathering. About 2,500 were present on May 1st.

Most of the German artists resident in London—Carl Haag, Huttula, Volck, Zwecker—were concerned in the arrangement of the *tableaux vivants* or in the decorations of the hall. Leave had been obtained through the Crown Prince of Prussia for borrowing from Berlin the uniforms which figured in some of the pictures, as it is a rule of the Prussian service that no uniform quits the country without express permission. Kapell-Meister Reinecke, of Leipzig, not only composed two pieces of music expressly for the festival, but came over from Germany to lead the orchestra. It is evident that all was done that could be done to ensure success, and the end aimed at was fully attained.

Soon after seven o'clock the large hall began to fill. One end was occupied by the stage for the *tableaux*. In front of the stage was the orchestra, and between the orchestra and the audience were seated the male chorus-singers. By half-past seven the guests were all in their places, and had time, before the performance began, to study the beautiful decorations of the hall. The variety of colours employed might, in less skilful hands, have produced a gaudy and dazzling effect, but good taste and artistic knowledge had succeeded in combining the brilliant hues into one harmonious whole. Round the front of the gallery hung about sixty brightly painted shields, containing the arms of the principal German cities, each shield resting on the colours of its own country, draped in graceful folds. The large wooden rafters of the open oak roof were partly concealed by the red, white, and black banners of the North German Confederation; colours which were adopt-

ed in 1867 as combining the national banner of the German Empire, red, black, and gold, with the black and white colours of the kingdom of Prussia; whilst festoons of laurel and oak leaves hung from every beam.

Two fine statues of Peace and War, by Castan, decorated the end of the hall where supper was served. The walls of this hall were surrounded by the names of all the German victories from Weissenburg to Paris. Each separate name, written in black letters on a white ground, was encircled by a laurel wreath. At the upper end of the smaller hall hung two good oil-paintings of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, lent for the occasion; whilst in front of the low gallery was placed a remarkably vigorous and well-executed bust of the Emperor, also by Castan.

The festival consisted of what was aptly described by one of those present as "an allegorical concert, interspersed with orations, and followed by a banquet, which might be called a dinner or supper, according to taste."

The North German and Bavarian ambassadors were present with their families, and the audience, with the exception of a few Englishmen invited expressly by the committee on account of their strong German sympathies, consisted entirely of children of the Fatherland by birth or marriage. No class predominated, and, as far as possible, all grades of society were represented, from the wealthy merchant, who contributed his £1,000 to the Fund for the Sick and Wounded, to the plodding city clerk or poor foreign teacher. As Herr Reinecke stepped up to the conductor's desk, and the first notes of the fine overture reached the ear, and the eye glanced round the richly-decorated hall, filled with hundreds of people, whose hearts were beating with one common sentiment of joy and thankfulness, whose minds were full of the great deeds achieved by their countrymen, deeds in which some of those present had taken an active part, and in which all were so deeply concerned, an overpowering feeling of enthusiasm filled the heart, and one realized vividly the reality of the great events that have occurred during the past nine months—events that must influence the whole future destinies of Europe, and therefore of the entire civilized world.

The festal overture, "The Peace Festival," was magnificently rendered by the orchestra from the Crystal Palace. In this fine overture, written for the occa-

sion, the composer expressed the triumphant feelings of united Germany, and the blessings of rest, and security, and peace, as attained by that union. The familiar notes of Handel's "See the Conquering Hero comes," and of the old choral *Nun danket Alle Gott*, were well blended with the general theme. The overture was followed by an address from Dr. Cappel, one of the German Protestant ministers in London, who reminded his hearers how on the 20th of July, nearly as large an assemblage of persons had met in that hall, to organize the German Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, and how he had then expressed his hope and conviction that ere many months elapsed they would meet again to sing *Nun danket Alle Gott*.

The address over, the whole assembly rose and joined in singing *Nun danket Alle Gott*, the German *Te Deum* as it may be rightly called. This glorious hymn of Luther's, sung in his own vernacular, with full orchestral accompaniment, was felt as exactly expressing in its strains of solemn joy, not merely the feelings of those present in the Turnhalle that night, but the attitude and feelings of the whole of the German nationalities in the contemplation of the great triumphs achieved by their troops. To more than one hearer it recalled a distant and far more exciting scene, when the whole German army joined in singing this hymn round their bivouac fires, the night after the victory of Sedan.

The more solemn feelings of the audience having thus found utterance, they awaited with some degree of impatience the first of the allegorical pictures. The *Wacht am Rhein*, that now national chorus, to which the German armies during the late campaign marched from victory to victory, was a fitting prelude to the first tableau, *Aufruf zu den Waffen*, the call to arms, designed by K. Hutula. The stirring notes of the spirited march from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* sounded as the curtain slowly rose. This picture, as well as all the succeeding ones, was shown three times, to enable the spectators to take in the full meaning of each design, and yet the time was all too short for the eye and mind to seize on the full wealth of thought and artistic treatment displayed in every small detail. The costumes, grouping and lighting were all that the most fastidious taste could demand, and vividly recalled the masterpieces of the modern German school of painting, conveying at the same time a sense of life, reality, and action that no painting could ever give. Each sepa-

rate figure of the different tableaux was worthy of minute inspection, every group in each scene formed a perfect picture in itself, a living realization of artistic thought.

In this first tableau, Germania, in her white gold-bound robes, was seen in the background seated under the emblematic German Oak, her long yellow hair falling to her knees; her face expressive of quiet earnest strength and determination; whilst in front, eagerly pressing on to receive their weapons from her hands were grouped the representatives of each German nationality, and of every class, young and old, high and low, the soldier, the sailor, the labourer with his spade, the merchant, the professor, the forester examining his trusty rifle, the smith shouldering his heavy hammer, the young student casting aside his books, the aged father, too old to serve himself, eagerly leading forward his young sons to aid in the defence of their Fatherland—the whole picture forming a perfect representation, a living exhibition of the strong resolution, the quiet subdued enthusiasm with which the German nations undertook the great conflict, and carried it through to its victorious conclusion.

The interval between the first and second pictures was filled up by two fine choruses, *Brüder reicht die Hand zum Bunde* of Mozart, and Körner's glorious "Ode to my Sword," with Weber's music. The latter especially roused to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the audience, many of whom joined in the wild hurrah which ends each verse. Well has this ode been described as "verses that send the blood rushing through the veins, and might galvanize fight into a dead man."

The stirring notes of Waldmann's *Krieg's Trompete* prepared the audience for the second tableau, "The Warrior's Farewell," by Volck. As the mournful notes of the slow march from Spohr's beautiful symphony, "The Power of Sound," rose, the scene opened on a quiet German village, with the inhabitants, young and old, taking leave of the soldiers about to start for the distant conflict. To the right an old mother sat in the window of her cottage, her head buried in her hands, whilst on the doorstep stood the aged father, supporting his weeping daughter as she parted with her betrothed. Mothers held up their babes for the father's last kiss, young girls clung to their lovers or brothers, the brawny village blacksmith, arrayed in uniform, took leave of his wife, whilst his children looked curiously at him,

or pointed to the now extinct fire of the village smithy. In the background stood a few dashing Uhlans and Hussars, delighting in the admiration they excited even in the midst of the general sorrow. The sad subdued wailing of the music was in perfect unison with the scene, which was too mournful and recalled too vividly the great grief that had formed the background to all the mighty triumphs of the Fatherland, to excite the loud applause called forth by the other pictures. But this was a festive occasion and the mind was not permitted to dwell on painful reminiscences. No scenes, therefore, were given from the actual theatre of war, and the intervening space was occupied by the Oration which Professor Max Müller had been invited by his German countrymen in England to deliver, and of which the following is an almost literal translation:—

“‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’ Yes, but the heart may be too full, and one hardly dares to dive into the depths of the soul, and to give utterance to what so powerfully excites and moves us. I feel that I shall not find the right words to-day; but I know that you will understand this and forgive it: for, like my own heart, the hearts of all whom I here address are full, I believe, of overpowering feelings and thoughts, full even to overflowing—full of thankfulness for what has been achieved—full of hope for what has still to be achieved—full of rejoicing as we think of the brave soldiers, who, covered with glory, are returning to their homes—full of mourning as we remember those dear to us, who are never to return, but whose memory will be sacred to us for ever—full of regret as we recall the men who from the beginning of this century have striven and suffered like martyrs for the deliverance of Germany, who prophetically looked forward to this day of victory, but have not lived to see it—the spirits of Stein and Arndt, of Uhlend and Rückert, of Radowitz and Bunsen are among us—full of joyful pride as we look to the heroes, who through word and deed have completed the great and difficult task of the union and freedom of Germany,—yes, full of enthusiasm as we pronounce the names of our statesmen, our generals, our young Fritz, our old hero-emperor—but above and beyond all, full of love for our great and beautiful and noble, and now at last united and free, Fatherland!

“Yes, my German countrymen, Germany has never known greater days; and

it is right that we—I mean especially we here in a foreign country—should feel and remember this, and derive strength and comfort from it. The present quickly becomes the past, and even the greatest events look smaller at a distance. Therefore the pictures which have just passed before your eyes were meant to turn the past again into the present, and give new life to it in our remembrance. You have seen how Germania calls her children together to her defence, to guard, to fight for the Rhine. You have seen how she distributes her arms, and how the German host—that is, the German people—pour forth from every city and village of the Fatherland, to guard freedom and honour, and to fight for life or death.

“‘All Germany stands unanimous in arms.’—That royal word sounded on the 2nd of August as the blast of a trumpet from the old fortress of Mayence, in every palace, in every cottage where beat a German heart. Do you still remember the feelings which then moved our hearts? Not with light, no, with heavy, heavy hearts did we see the dreadful tragedy of war unrolled. We did not believe in rapid victory—we were prepared for a long and hard struggle. We thought of 1806;—but we also thought of 1813.

“And what gave us our confidence in our army and in our people, and the trust that the just cause must prevail in the end?

“Four things I have to mention. First comes German *courage*, not that wild frenzy which at every disagreeable word grasps the hilt, and thinks it may justify the most fearful outrage on humanity, war, that is fratricide, by the cold answer of a king, or even by a newspaper article. No, that is not German courage. No people on earth has borne so much as the German. But when not only the independence of a people is curtailed, and its natural development impeded from without—nay, when the old sacred frontiers are invaded, when the hearth is no longer safe, when some fine morning the newly-invented engines of death are tried on the inhabitants of a peaceful city, then the measure is full, patience becomes indignation, indignation wrath unto death—death is better than life under such an outrage:—The people rose, the storm broke.’

“In the second place, I name German *diligence*. Gentlemen, we have often been abused as a nation of schoolmasters and professors. I know of no more honourable abuse, and I am firmly convinced that Germany owes much of its great success

in war to its hard-working schoolmasters and professors. The German army is an educated and intelligent army. Through determined, unbending diligence—through hard, ungrudging work from morning till evening—has our German army become what it is; so that, as in a loom, one touch moves and intertwines a thousand threads, no thread breaks, no pattern fails. Genius is indeed a long patience.

"In the third place, I name the German *sense of duty*, and in war perfect obedience. When a great work has to be achieved, the individual must subordinate himself to the whole, must sacrifice for a time his personal views and wishes, must stay like a soldier on the battle-field. Gentlemen, people have dared to question the discipline of the German army. Lies have been invented, and when one after the other had been thoroughly refuted, people shrugged their shoulders and said, 'There is no smoke without fire.' That is a cowardly, dishonourable proverb. Translate it into German, and you will see how false it is. In German it would be, 'There is no lie without truth.' If such a proverb were believed, the honour of no man, of no people, would be safe. That in an army of nearly a million there should be some black sheep is not surprising. But before the judgment-seat of history it will appear that in no war has there been so little unnecessary cruelty—in no war has every crime been punished with so much severity, in no war has humanity achieved such triumphs as in the last German war of liberation. We are prouder of these triumphs than of all the triumphs of our arms.

"In the fourth place, I mention German *perseverance*, undauntedness even in misfortune, which is founded on a firm trust in God, and in a Divine Providence. People have not hesitated to scoff at this German trust in God; this faith in the Lord of Hosts. We let everybody go his own way; as the Old Fritz said, 'In my kingdom every one shall be saved after his own fashion.' But we keep to our own old German way. Before the battle our army sings with Theodore Körner, 'Father, I call Thee;' it sings after the battle the old psalm which our Luther has changed into a popular song, 'Our God is a strong tower.'

"These four qualities—German Courage, German Diligence, German Sense of Duty, and German Perseverance—have been to us the sure warrants of victory. They pervade the whole army; but I may name for each a living representative.

"As representative of German *Courage*, I name Bismarck. His heart never failed him.

"As representative of German *Diligence*, I name Moltke. He is the real, true, indefatigable German Professor, and though he can be silent in seven languages, his last lecture will not soon be forgotten by the world.

"As representative of German *Sense of Duty*, I name the Crown Prince. No one hates war more than he does; no one has done his duty so faithfully, though often with a heavy heart.

"As representative of German *Perseverance*, I name our Emperor. That man has indeed clung to his purpose. At the battle of Jena he was exactly as old as Hannibal when his father made him take his famous oath, and what bitter days has he gone through since! But, undismayed, he has carried on the one work of his life, the raising and strengthening of the German army, till the disgrace of Jena was wiped out on the field of Sedan, and the German nation can look every nation boldly in the face again.

"With such irresistible powers Germany began the war and brought it gloriously to an end; and we have to thank the Statesmen, the Generals, the Emperor, the German Army, and the 'God who made iron grow,' that we celebrate to-day this happy festival of peace.

"We celebrate it in a foreign country, but is England really a foreign country to us? I confess I hardly ever felt this, not even during this war, when many a dastardly word fell on the English side and also on the German. I feel that in England I am in a friend's, not an enemy's country. There is a party in England that hates everything German. There are even liberal and rational people, who, during the late war have judged wrongly of the German nation. Gentlemen, you know that in England a man is worth very little who is not attacked and abused by some party. There are insults of which one ought to be proud, as there is praise of which one has to be ashamed. Were I to mention the names of those who, from beginning to end, have remained true to the German cause, you would hear names that have the best ring, not only in England, but in the whole world. The kernel of the English people is not against us; the true aristocracy of the country is with us.

"And why? Not only because the same blood runs in our veins—not because, as the old Bilderdijk said, 'English

is, after all, but Old Low German'—not because the Reformation has its two strongest pillars in Germany and England—not even because old Blücher arrived with his Prussians in the very nick of time on the field of Waterloo—no, I can give you a better and a deeper reason. It is so because the Germans and English owe allegiance to the same Queen, and recognize the same majesty as their highest authority, and that Queen and that majesty is the *Voice of Conscience*. This belief in the voice of conscience as the highest power on earth, higher than crowns and churches, higher than books and articles, higher than blame and praise of man, that is the firm ground on which the greatness of England stands immovable, on which the greatness of Germany is being built up. That is what makes the English English, and the German German—what makes these two, if they remain but true to themselves, real brethren. It was Luther who said at the Diet of Worms, 'It is neither safe nor expedient to do aught against conscience.'

"Gentlemen, the political guidance of Europe belongs in the immediate future to those two so closely-related nations; the political guidance of the whole civilized world belongs to the English, the Americans, and the Germans. If these three Teutonic nations hold together, the world will have peace again; and other nations, and France at their head, may give up the warfare of weapons and begin again a nobler warfare, of industry, science, manners, and character. But if these three Teutonic nations are divided by suspicion, jealousy, or pride, the furies of war will never be chained in Europe.

"Therefore, if this our festival is to be a true peace festival, let us forget from this moment all bitterness; let us do what we can, every one in his own small sphere, in order to maintain mutual respect, and a firm friendship founded on it, between England, Germany, and America. The festival which we celebrate to-day should not be a passing ebullition of joy and gladness, but should receive a higher sanction and confirmation, and become a festival of peace and concord for all times and all people.

"You know the 1st of May was always a high festival among the German tribes. Under the Carlovingian kings, the great estates of the realm, civil and ecclesiastical, assembled every year on the Campus Maius; there they paid homage to their king; there they held counsel on peace and war; there feuds were appeased and

alliances concluded; there king, church, army, and people appeared for the first time as a great united power.

"Thus I wish that the first day of the *Wonne-Monat* should bring together, as to-day, so in every coming year, the Germans in England, and in all the countries of the world, to celebrate this solemn day: so that the memory of the great days of the years 1870-1 should never fade, but retain its life and vigour, and support in coming generations the same sentiment of patriotism which glows in our hearts to-day—which has brought us together to-day, no longer as Franks or Saxons, as Bavarians or Allemans, not as North Germans or South Germans, not as Protestants or Catholics, not as Liberals or Conservatives, not as Democrats or Aristocrats, or whatever the names may be that have so long kept us divided: no, but as brothers, as sons of one fatherland, as children of one great and beautiful and noble, and now at last again united and free, Germany. Ladies and gentlemen, I trust we shall meet again on the 1st of May next year."

Professor Max Müller was constantly interrupted by loud and prolonged cheers. Every word was spoken from the heart and to the heart, and seemed to call forth an instantaneous echo from all who were present to listen.

The two following tableaux were emblematic of German disunion and weakness ever since the death of the brave Hohenstauffen, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and of the political revival of the country, and the re-establishment of the German Empire by the first Emperor of the house of Hohenzollern. Uhland's poem, *Der alte Barbarossa*, was sung as a prelude to the first tableau, and then the curtain rose and discovered the old red-bearded Barbarossa in his kingly robes of crimson velvet, seated on his throne, and sleeping his long sleep, with his knights and pages round him, their weapons fallen from their hands, all sunk in deep slumber, that sleep which the legend says must last till the entire re-union of the Germanic Empire is perfected. The legend could not be followed in every minute detail; no ravens croaked around, nor was there any stone table, through which the fine red beard had grown: but the whole picture in all its details, in the attitude into which each sleeping figure had fallen, and even to the long stalactites which hung from the vaulted roof, conveyed an idea of utter stillness, of long entire repose, which found an exact echo in the

sleepy dreamy notes of the introduction to Reinecke's *König Manfred*. Lachner's *Hermannschlacht* was the prelude to the second tableau, and then the stirring tones of Beethoven's overture to *Edmont* roused the spectators from the dreamy effect of the last picture, and prepared them for "The waking of Barbarossa." The curtain rose on the same figures as before: but now Barbarossa stood awake and erect grasping his outstretched sword at arm's length, and towering above his armed knights, who carried huge battle-axes, and other weapons of mediæval warfare, whilst to his right and left stood his young pages, looking with startled eyes on the strange world to which they had so suddenly awakened. It can be imagined with what applause this stirring scene was received. The introduction to the next picture was an exquisite chorus of Kreuzer's *An das Vaterland*.

Again the notes of "The Power of Sound" symphony were heard, but it was no longer the mournful sounds accompanying the departure of the troops; the triumphal march could only herald in their victorious return. And so it was. Again we saw the same village, the same groups of young and old: but this time no longer full of sorrow, but all greeting the returning warriors. Now it was the mother who led the joyful bride down the cottage steps to meet her beloved, whilst the old father leant out of the window, watching the joyous scene. The proud mother held up her baby, who looked half-doubtfully at the soldier-father. The smith again greeted his wife, whilst the children danced merrily in the foreground. In the distance, two soldiers helped on a wounded or sick comrade; and, on the left, two young girls were weeping bitterly for those who would never return. The audience gazed, as if sharing vividly in the general welcome; and as the curtain fell on the happy scene, the joyful notes of the march still echoed forth, proclaiming the universal jubilee.

The time required for preparing the last tableau, the grand finale, was occupied by an address, read by Herr Ravenstein, the President of the *Turn Verein*, in which he briefly reviewed the principal events of the late great conflict, and expressed his earnest wish that those in authority in Germany might be as successful in framing a constitution for the country, as they had been in achieving the unity of the empire.

It would have been impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the

great finale to this entertainment, the last tableau, by K. Huttula—"United Germany." The first four verses of that well-known song of old Arndt, made familiar to many in England by the concerts of the Cologne Choir, "What is the German's Fatherland?" were sung as a prelude; and as an express accompaniment to the picture, Herr Reinecke had composed an appropriate piece of music, in which the air of this song was well introduced. The curtain rose on a picture so full of beauty, life, thought, artistic taste, and rich colouring, that each spectator felt at once how impossible it was to do justice to every minor detail in the short time it was before his eyes. Germania was seen dressed as before, but this time standing beneath the oak, her majestic figure, far above mortal height, rising up behind the representatives of every German nationality, each dressed in distinctive national costume, each carrying the distinctive national banner, and all pressing eagerly forward to greet her; whilst towards the background and sides stood soldiers dressed in the leading uniforms of the vast German army, surrounding the peasant maiden of Alsace. She alone had her face averted, though one hand was lovingly clasped by Germania, whose look of tender, yearning love was in fine contrast to the wilful, half-angry, half-sorrowful look of Alsace. The curtain fell and rose again; still Alsace remained with averted, downcast face. It fell and rose for the last time; and now Elsass, Alsace no more, was close nestled in the arms of the great mother from whom she had been torn nearly two hundred years ago; and the chorus burst forth into the last two verses, which contain the answer to the first four of "What is the German's Fatherland?"

"So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt:
Das soll es sein,
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein.

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott vom Himmel, sieh darein!
Und gieb uns ächten deutschen Muth,
Das wir es lieben treu und gut:
Das soll es sein
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein."

As the last notes died away the smaller flags of the different German states sank slowly to the ground, and the great banner of the old German empire—the Red, Black, and Gold—rose up and floated alone over the whole stage, which was at the same moment brilliantly illuminated

by a golden light, as of the sun bursting forth in full glory over the once divided, but now again united, Fatherland. This was the culminating moment of the evening—the full enthusiasm of the audience burst forth, all rose, the cheers were deafening, whilst handkerchiefs waved, and many eyes filled with tears of overpowering emotion. The last movement of Beethoven's symphony in C flat formed the worthy musical finale of a festival which will long remain deeply graven on the hearts and memories of all who were happy enough to have witnessed it.

Is not this indeed to consecrate Art? — to use it for the highest purpose, save one, for which the artistic faculty was bestowed on man?

But will not the candid reader be inclined to ask himself, with something very like a sigh, Could we Britons have conceived all this, or executed it? What should we have had on such an occasion, even in London, beyond fire-works and the Tower guns? And what would the British sojourners in any European capital have had at all, save a good dinner, and the usual post-prandial oratory — certainly inspired by no yet-named Muse?

But if so, had we not better begin in good earnest to educate ourselves, as the Germans have educated themselves for three generations past?

From The Spectator.

A FRENCH CONVICT COLONY.*

It is understood that the many thousands of Communist prisoners who can hardly escape condemnation at the hands of the French tribunals will be sent to New Caledonia, and that efforts will be made to arrange for the transplanting of family groups, so that this enormous experiment in transportation may be accomplished under conditions less revolting than formerly. Yet, even if they may have deserved their fate, the heart sinks at the thought of these wretched French men and women, always indisposed for colonization, being sent out into the mid-Pacific, to a country much more unlike to France than Australia to England, whose dreary distance will but seem the drearier for the tropical beauty purchased by furious cyclone and burning sun.

* *La Nouvelle Calédonie*. Par Jules Garnier. Paris: Henri Plou.

M. Jules Garnier, a young engineer sent out in 1863 on a Government mission of geological exploration, has in this volume collected together his notes of travel, and published them in consequence of the sudden importance of New Caledonia. It appears that a work, perhaps of a more elaborate nature, was to have been put forth last year, M. Garnier being already known by lectures delivered before the French Geographical Society and at the Sorbonne, and having been named a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. But when the late war broke out he was called to the head of a battalion du *Génie Auxiliaire* and was thenceforth occupied in military duties and in the invention of machines of war. The present volume is the story of the first six months he spent in New Caledonia, eight years ago. It is very fresh, and gives a perfectly vivid and clear description of this far-away land.

New Caledonia is a long island, sloping from north-west to south-east, amongst those coral-reefed seas of which poets delight to sing. It is close to the Loyalty Isles, and not very far from Tahiti, and was first visited by Captain Cook, though the French explorer Bougainville had previously declared that some considerable island must be looked for in that direction, on account of the floating wood, nuts, &c., borne by the waves to his ship. It is inhabited by a race of savages called Kanaks, whom Cook found to be delightfully mild; but our famous captain did not happen to make their acquaintance at the conclusion of a war, and left without knowing that they were horrible cannibals. Entrecasteaux, the French commander who landed here in 1792, while searching for the unfortunate La Perouse, arrived, on the contrary, just at the moment when, having fixed a number of grinning heads upon long poles, a tribe of these Kanaks was actually engaged in eating the remainder of the bodies. So rooted is cannibalism among them, that on seeing English sailors eating salted beef, they were persuaded that the large beef-bones were those of a race of giants, and conceived a profound respect for those who could first conquer and then dine off such formidable foes. For the rest, these people are of a higher type than the Australians; they are tall and muscular, they are not devoid of intelligence, and M. Garnier thinks that their cannibalism is rather an expression of triumph than an actual satisfaction to *gourmandize*. The queer American rhyme has caught this idea and expressed it with vigour: —

"O would I were a cassowary,
In the plains of Timbuctoo;
Wouldn't I eat a missionary,
And his hymn-book too!"

But, alas! the comparative qualities of the Kanak are of no practical importance to the question of French colonization, for the race is fast disappearing, killed by consumption. M. Garnier devotes some speculation as to how and why this sad malady should have followed the introduction of whites into the colony, and attributes it in some measure to the inordinate use of strong tobacco. The Kanaks do not care to drink, but they smoke as soon as they can toddle.

M. Garnier landed at the chief settlement, Noumea, a town nearly at the southern point of the island, and particularly ill chosen as to site. It was at first a mere fort, selected apparently as being easy of defence against the natives, and easy of access to ships. But little by little the new colonists came, grouping themselves together round the fort, and Noumea took other proportions, without anybody stopping to consider that there was no stream nearer than eight miles! The inhabitants in 1863 depended on rain-water, and the question of the supply was a very serious one. A thousand soldiers and half that number of civilians, such was the total population, which was almost all massed round Noumea, as uncomfortably as possible. English colonists will, moreover, find a difficulty in crediting what actually occurred in the building of the young town. Government caused a plan to be prepared on what may be termed the *Hausmann* principle, without any regard to the local fact that Noumea is very hilly, being situated on the spurs of a mountain range. The roadways were, therefore, cut down to a certain level, and the houses left standing twenty feet above. M. Garnier, having selected a site for his dwelling soon after landing, left Noumea on an excursion to the north, and returned after eight months to find the house completed and a new street pursuing its independent course five yards below, leaving him to get up and down as he could. We cite this as the most striking example of French rigidity and centralization we ever heard of. The plan was probably sent out from Paris, and obeyed by the local engineers.

M. Garnier gives, in the same sense, an amusing description of the distress caused to the functionaries by an obstinate mound which interfered with the view of the port. They dug at it for a whole year, calling in the aid of a legion of Kanaks. Finding

they could make no great impression on the enormous mass, they proposed a system of wells and galleries, by which to blow it up; and only desisted when it struck their minds that half Noumea would probably share its fate. *La Butte Conneau* remains to this day, in spite of all the nibbling of soldiers, civilians, and Kanaks.

But if, casting aside such hopeless methods, the French Government could really succeed in planting an efficient industrial colony in this beautiful isle, it would find all the elements of prosperity ready to hand. Our neighbouring populations in Australia and New Zealand cannot grow their own sugar and coffee, and are forced to send to Java and Manilla for tropical produce. We were two millions ten years ago, and we are constantly increasing, enriching, eating, and drinking. New Caledonia is well situated for growing what we require, and the cost of transport would be comparatively trifling.

The convict colony was not in being at the time of M. Garnier's first travels, but we give the facts as related in the *Note sur la Transportation à la Guyane Française et à la Nouvelle Calédonie*, published in 1869, by order of the *Ministre de la Marine*. The first beginning of a convict establishment was in 1864, when 200 prisoners were sent out from Toulon and established in the *Ile de Nou*, just outside the port of Noumea. The mortality was at once found to be much less than that of the dreaded Cayenne. Government then tried a ticket-of-leave system, and eighty-four of the most hopeful convicts were sent to Bouraie, with concessions of land, while others were allotted as assistants to the free colonist. Another set are employed on a model farm. Up to December, 1867, nearly a thousand convicts had in all been sent out, of whom only forty-six had been kept in real prison life at the *Ile de Nou*. So far the results have been satisfactory, but what will they be when the island is flooded with discontented Paris workmen? And of all God's creatures, the Paris workman seems to us the least adapted for labour on the soil in a mid-Pacific island. If he be worth anything, and not a mere haunter of cabarets, he excels by mechanical dexterity of hand and what one may call dexterity of head. He has ideas which, be they right or wrong (and about this we are all disputing), require population as the basis of experiments, and will find no sort of satisfaction in the possession of a field of sugar-canes. It is true that the French peasant adores his

bit of land, but the Paris workman, though doubtless of the same stuff, has set his mind and ambition to another key, and, moreover, he will carry out to New Caledonia the most vicious hatred of those who sent and keep him there. A large body of troops will have to be stationed in the island, and we fear they will not have "la vie douce."

Be that as it may, we must, it seems, make up our minds to a great perpetuation of human misery at an epoch of the world's history when we have been moving heaven and earth to ameliorate our convict colonies and our jails. It is a sad subject, and all we can say is that M. Garnier's book and the French official documents represent to us a country much favoured by nature, and chances of colonial prosperity of a high order if nature be not corrupted and overborne by man. But to the normal difficulties of the French *colon*, who has never succeeded in creating substantial prosperity in Algeria, will here be added so many extraneous ones that good results can hardly be hoped for. A sort of co-operative farm created by the authorities of Noumea some years ago proved a signal failure, though the settlers were free and the farm stock was supplied by authority. The *personnel* comprised labourers, smiths, stone-cutters, brick-makers, a baker, a machinist—in fact, what may be called a complete selection of workmen. Three hundred hectares of land was allotted to the group, and beasts, seeds, tools, &c., were advanced. This was in 1864, and in about a couple of years the experiment failed, and the members had split asunder amidst bitter dissensions. The political hatreds of the new convicts will go far to make the renewal of such experiments in New Caledonia very hopeless, while it is clear that if thousands are to be transported, means must be tried of attaching them to the soil. We trust that somewhat of the same admirable genius which has presided over the youthful colony of Mettray may be found in the hour of need to help in the far more difficult task of reconciling adult prisoners to their lot in an island of the antipodes.

From The Spectator.
THE MEETING OF GASTEIN.

THE world has been on tiptoe this week to hear what is arranged at the meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Austria

at Gastein on the 17th inst., and we cannot wonder at the general curiosity. Emperors might meet without a purpose, though it is improbable, or might meet for minor ends; but Prince Bismarck is human, and is tired, and he does not leave the pleasant woods of Varzin with his able adjutant, Herr Lothar Bucher, by his side, in the midst of his autumn holiday, without grave reason for his sacrifice. And unfortunately there is visible reason for his anxiety and his efforts. The Roumanian affair may involve war, and war on the very largest scale, war including Powers which are not to be vanquished or to be victorious in a single year's campaign. The "Eastern question," as we call it, that is by far the most serious latent quarrel existing among the civilized Powers, is fairly upon the carpet once more, and it may tax all Prince Bismarck's audacity as well as all his diplomatic knowledge to attain his object, and yet to prevent an immediate renewal of the European struggle. The facts, as we read them, are in this wise. The Parliament of the Principalities, a kingdom independent in all but name, but protected by the Treaty of 1856, recently borrowed ten millions sterling, but finding the payment of interest inconvenient, formally repudiated its obligation. That would matter little, being strictly in accordance with the modern precedents, which permit States of the third rank to swindle creditors with no other consequence than loss of credit; but the Hospodar of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, the majority of the lenders are North-Germans, among whose foibles extravagance cannot be reckoned, and repudiation has accidentally involved a distinct and terrible insult to German nationality. The Hohenzollerns dislike breaches of faith, and the signature of the Hospodar to the Act cancelling the debt was only obtained by a threat that if it were refused the Germans within the Principalities should be massacred, a threat we neither expect nor wish that the new masters of the world should endure with equanimity. It was indispensable for the Emperor of Germany to act, not only to protect his subjects' pockets, but to maintain the place of his people in the world, and he applied therefore to the Porte, as Suzerain of the repudiating Provinces, to enforce laws of honesty and of international fair-play. The Porte declined, alleging, what is true enough, that it had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Principalities, and Prince Bismarck had therefore to obtain redress for his own people through other means

than diplomatic remonstrance. That might be easy enough, neither Roumania nor Turkey being in a position to resist a formal demand from Berlin, but for the general situation in Europe produced by the injudicious severity of the German Treaty with France. To fight any power whatever is for Germany to encounter the risk or rather the certainty of having to fight France again, and it is very doubtful if Roumania can be coerced without a general war. The Russian Government, to begin with, has every interest in protecting a power which is weak, which is new, and which lies stretched right across her only road by land to the conquest of Constantinople. The Austrian Government has every interest in protecting a State which holds, as against all stronger powers, the mouths of the Danube, that is, a position which Austria cannot surrender to any first-class power without immediate extinction. And finally England has some interest, and thinks she has much, in maintaining the validity of the Treaty of Paris, under which Roumania cannot be coerced nor conquered without the consent of the whole European Pentarchy. It is absolutely necessary, if anything is to be done without Europe being wrapped in flames, that one of these Powers should be detached from the Roumanian cause, and Prince Bismarck, with his accustomed skill, has pitched upon Austria as the one. If the Hapsburgs can be induced to agree heartily in his plans, the opposition of the remainder of Europe may be prevented by alarm; or if it should become active, may be defeated by force, Europe in arms, that is Russia and France in combination, being scarcely equal to a campaign with Germany and Austria united upon their own selected grounds. Unless England joined the alliance, and joined it with a resolution to take the sword in both hands, there does not exist in Europe the force which could resist the combined decision of the two German Kaisers, or arrest the action of the million and a half of soldiers at their immediate disposal.

It is to secure an alliance of this kind, an alliance between Germany and Austria for defence against Russia and France, that Prince Bismarck is accompanying his master to Gastein and he has so much to offer that it is possible he may succeed. A guarantee from Germany would protect the Hapsburgs from half the evils which threaten them, from the disaffection of their German subjects, from the exigencies of their Magyar supporters, from the threats more or less avowed of the nation-

alists in Bohemia. Neither German nor Magyar, nor Czech could move a step against Austria supported by Prince Bismarck, unless aided by a Russian alliance which neither Magyar nor German could under any extremity be induced in such a cause to invoke, while the Czech friendship for Russia is like the Irish friendship for France, a sentiment to be taken into account, but not to be seriously feared. Russia would hardly intervene, even with hope of aid from France, merely to prevent the Roumanian boyars from paying a moderate income-tax; and if she did, Prince Bismarck has a grand card in reserve. He may offer the Principalities to the Austrian Government, which not only covets, but needs the control of the entire Valley of the Danube, and so inflict upon Austria the task which naturally belongs to her, under circumstances which would compel her for years to come, from a mere regard to her own existence, to be the humble ally of Berlin, from which alone she could obtain security in her new dominion. That the Government of St. Petersburg would resist such a final defeat of her secular ambition, and would obtain the alliance of France, eager for vengeance upon Germany, may be taken as certain; but Prince Bismarck may believe that the struggle must come; that it could not come under more favourable auspices, and that it is better to run the risk than allow the new Empire to pose before its subjects as a power unable to recover a just debt from an almost powerless neighbour. It is part of his policy to secure the Valley of the Danube to Germany, whether through the intervention of Hapsburgs or otherwise; part of his policy to secure the goodwill of Hungary, whose interests are directly threatened by Russian influence in the Principalities; and part of his policy to attract Austria into an alliance which would turn all Central Europe into one impregnable camp of defence.

It is difficult to doubt that this, or something like this, is the offer which Prince Bismarck will make at Gastein, and if it is accepted, war in Europe may be considered certain within two years. Russia would, in her own estimation, be throttled by such an arrangement, would be driven, willing or unwilling, to offer France the alliance, in the hope, or, as he thought, in the certainty of which Jules Favre refused any territorial cession after Sedan; and of course, if France is to fight, she will fight, if she can on good grounds and with a fair chance, before the indemnity is paid. All this talk in demi-official telegrams of

French insolence and negotiations being broken off points to some new hope at Versailles, which is making the tone of French statesmen once more independent. The point of interest therefore is to ascertain what is agreed upon at Gastein, and upon this the probabilities are conflicting. It is certain that the preliminary interview between the two Emperors at Ischl has been satisfactory, or Prince Bismarck would not be needed; but the difficulties in the way of a cordial alliance must be almost insuperable. The Hapsburgs throughout their history have, when needful, postponed their pride to their policy—as witness the conduct of the house after the desertion of Maximilian—and they may do so once more, but nothing short of a distinct and unmistakable guarantee of their German territories could tempt them into an enterprise in which failure would be ruin, while success would involve an immense addition to their non-German responsibilities. Ruling from Bavaria to the Black Sea over millions of Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Czechs, Croats, and Roumanians, they must federalize their Empire, and although the present Government is not indisposed to that course, and has even proposed a kind of autonomy for Bohemia, the Emperor would never carry out such a policy at the risk of a German insurrection. He must be guaranteed from that, and the guarantee would cost the new Kaiser of Germany much of his esteem, if not of his loyalty, among his North-German subjects. The war, too, although if the prize were Roumania it would not be unpopular in the Austrian Empire, would be a most formidable one to a Government but just escaped from the imminent risk of bankruptcy, while success would leave the Court of Vienna detached from France and dependent for years to come upon the good-will of Berlin. Still the hazard may be risked, under a belief that Germany will neither surrender her reversionary right to the Danube, nor undertake the task of civilizing South-

Eastern-Europe for herself, under the sense of accumulating difficulties which the alliance would solve, and under a conviction that the hatred of the Russian Court, as explained by General Fadayeff, will not stop short of the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. If these considerations govern, and they are very likely to govern, there will be war.

It may be asked what part England would take, or would be expected to take, in such an affray. Probably none at all. The Treaty of Paris binds us to support the integrity of Turkey, but it is only by a stretch of language that this integrity can be said to be involved in the retention of a nominal suzerainty over two Principalities in which no Turk is permitted to set his foot. Her integrity would, indeed, be directly protected by the transfer of Roumania to the Austrian Government. With their dominions extended right across the road from Russia to European Turkey, it would become the direct interest as well as the duty of the Viennese statesmen to arrest the march of Russia to the South, and allow the Government of Constantinople to transmute itself into some new form at its leisure and without interference from the North. A new and most formidable barrier would be erected against Russia, one which it would be almost impossible for her to pass, one which at all events could not be passed without a long and most exhaustive war. We might protect France if France suffered too greatly in the war, but to throw our little army into those Danubian swamps in order to prevent our best ally from performing a great service to mankind, is scarcely an enterprise which will tempt our statesmen to abandon their declared policy of non-interference. The Treaty of Paris was intended to limit the ambition of Russia, and no limitation could be so effective as the extension of Austrian power along the whole of the Valley of the Danube.

WITHIN two months the sale of the "Battle of Dorking" has entered on the second hundred thousand; and before the republication of the *jeu-d'esprit*, in a separate form, several large editions of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which the "Battle" first appeared, were disposed of. This constitutes a success that has, we believe, been seldom attained by any publication, neither personal or "goody." The authorship has been naturally a subject of much curiosity, and has been attributed to nearly every soldier who can wield a pen, and especially to any one supposed to be connected with *Blackwood*.

We, ourselves, were led to believe Col. Hamley's brother to be the writer, while Col. Hamley himself, the Chaplain General, Sir Archibald Alison, Major Lockhart, and others, have each of them been suspected of the authorship. We are now, however, in a position to state that Col. George Chesney is the real writer of the "Battle of Dorking." We may add, that a French translation will be published, by Henri Plon, under the title of "*La Bataille de Dorking: Invasion des Prussiens en Angleterre*," with a preface by M. Charles Yriarte.

Athenaeum.